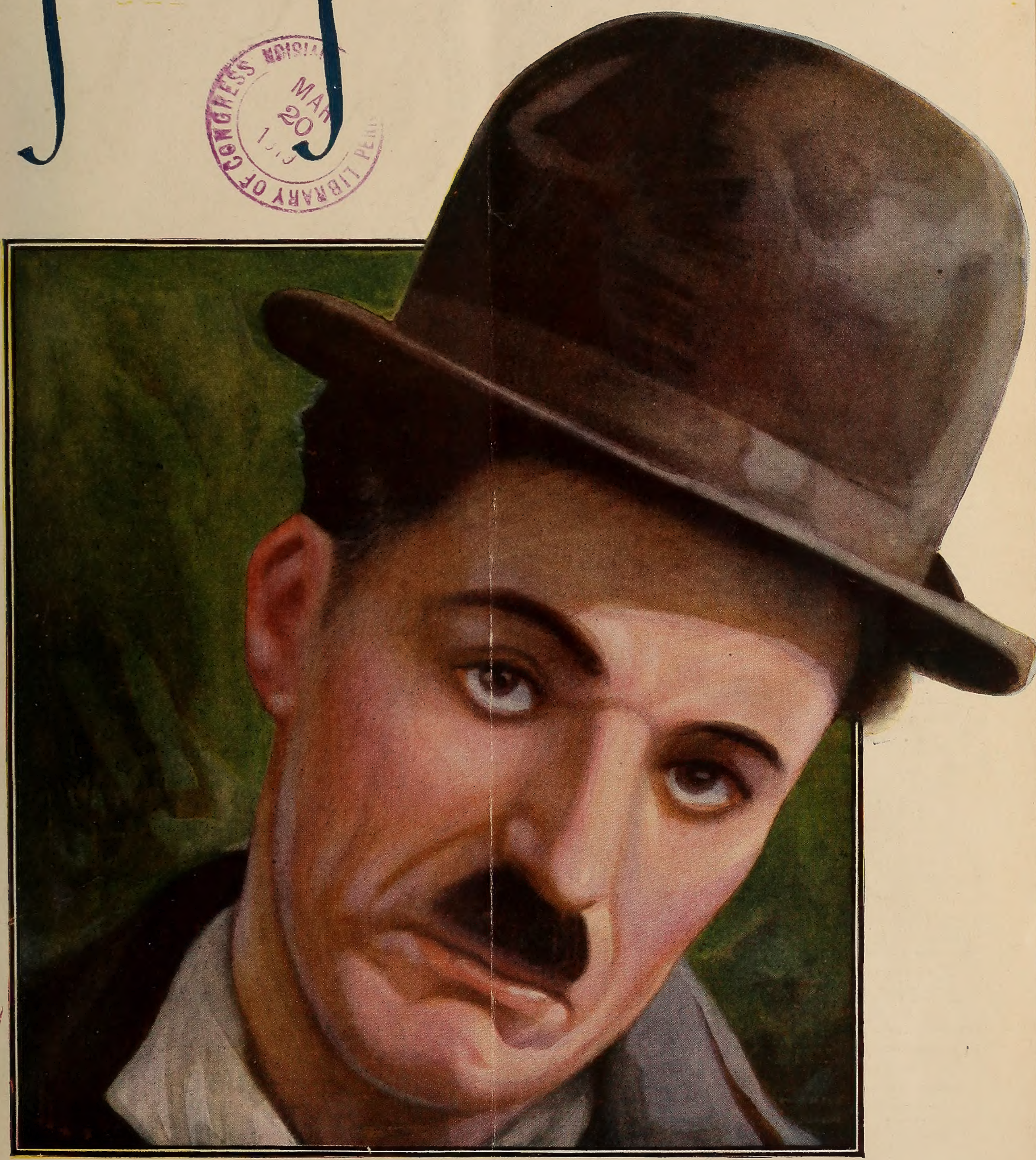


# Film Fun

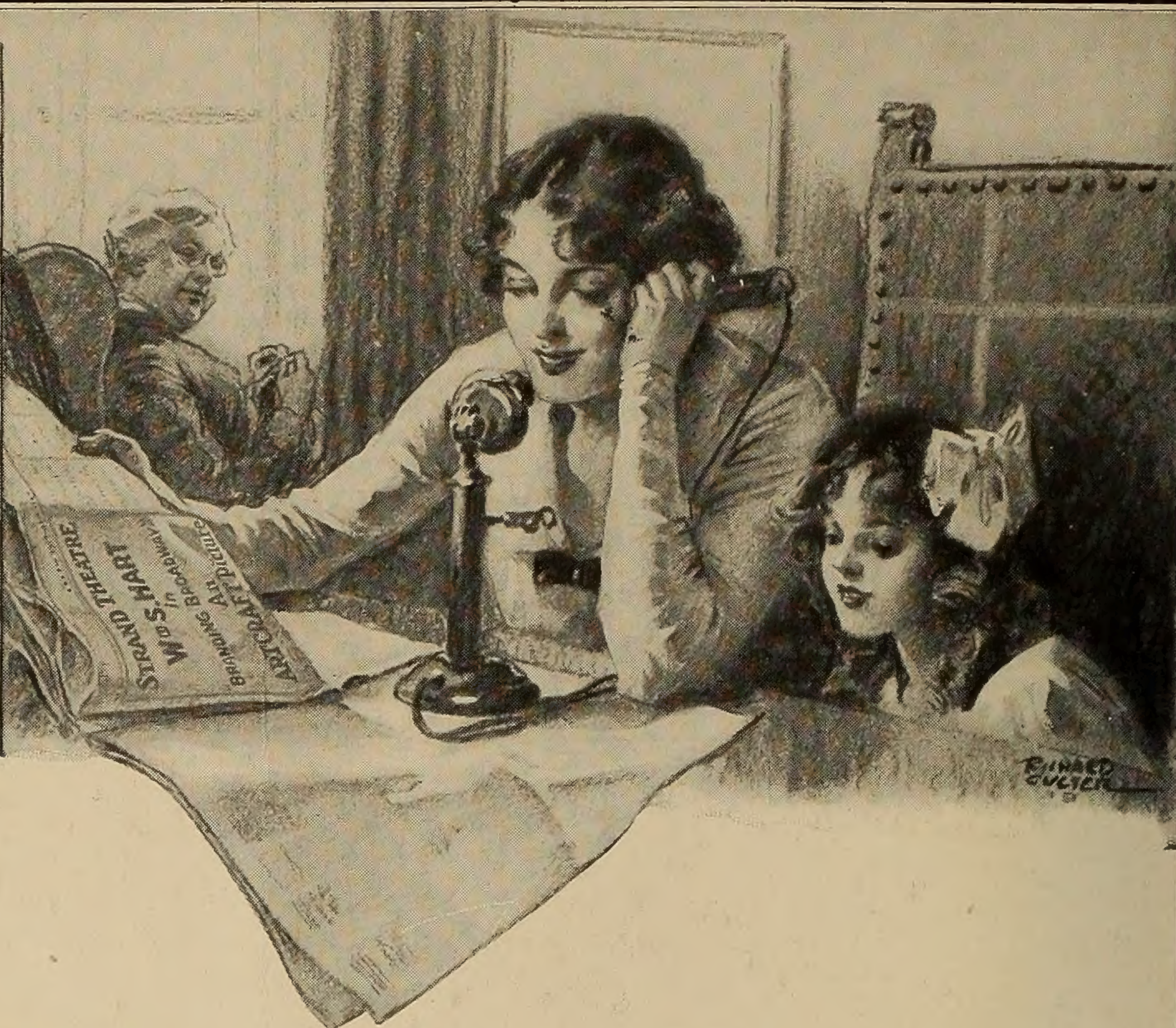
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THE DRYS HAVE IT





## Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions, listed alphabetically, released up to February 28th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

### Paramount

John Barrymore in "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"  
\*Enid Bennett in "HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED"  
Billie Burke in "THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"  
Lina Cavalieri in "THE TWO BRIDES"  
Marguerite Clark in "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"  
Ethel Clayton in "MAGGIE PEPPER"  
\*Dorothy Dalton in "HARD BOILED"  
Pauline Frederick in "PAID IN FULL"  
Dorothy Gish in "BOOTS"  
Lila Lee in "THE SECRET GARDEN"  
Vivian Martin in "YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL"  
Shirley Mason in "THE WINNING GIRL"  
\*Charles Ray in "THE GIRL DODGER"  
Wallace Reid in "THE DUE"  
Bryant Washburn in "VENUS IN THE EAST"

### Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast  
"Private Pent" with Private HAROLD PEAT  
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production  
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham  
"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book) A Wm. A. Brady Production  
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

### Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "MY COUSIN"  
George M. Cohan in "HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"  
Cecil B. de Mille's Production "DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND"  
Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"  
Elsie Ferguson in "HIS PARISIAN WIFE"  
D. W. Griffith's Production "A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"  
\*William S. Hart in "BREED OF MEN"  
Mary Pickford in "JOHANNA ENLISTS"  
Fred Stone in "UNDER THE TOP"  
\*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

### Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "LOVE"  
Paramount-Mack-Sennett Comedies "RIP AND STITCH—TAILORS"  
"EAST LYNNE WITH VARIATIONS"  
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "ONE EVERY MINUTE"  
Paramount-Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew Comedy "ROMANCE AND RINGS"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week  
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

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NEW YORK







TRIANGLE

There is something decidedly pleasing in the Oriental idea of a "Close-up." Jack Abbe, the Japanese juvenile, and his sweetheart, Tama.

# Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine  
Devoted to the Best Interests of All  
Motion Picture Art and Artists

## APRIL--1919

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GOLDWEN

MOVIE RAIN IS THE WETTEST THERE IS

For particulars, see article "Mechanical April Showers," on page 14.





## The Explanation

By Oscar H. Roesner

WHY is the new director mad?  
 Why does he sing no merry lay  
 At sight of Western stuff he had  
 Laid careful plans to film to-day?  
 Why does he gaze with look so glum  
 At Feeble Cow and Run-down Bull?  
 Why does he "Haw!" and likewise "Hum!"  
 At sight of doddering Chief Long Wool?

Why does he vainly now sigh for  
 Young William Skunk and Charging Crow,  
 Kills-in-the-Water, Come-from-War—  
 Those bucks that have the pep and go?  
 Well, this is why—and ain't it tough  
 Enough to make a man resign?—  
 The braves he needs for Western stuff  
 Are all with Pershing on the Rhine.



# Children of the Studios

By Harold Seton

Illustrated by W. E. Hill



*"She can vamp already, and she is only seven!"*

A CROWD of people were gathered together in the outer office of a moving picture studio, waiting their turn to interview the casting director or to be interviewed by him. There were males and females, young and old, types of comedy or tragedy, well dressed or poorly clad, but each and every one in search of a job. I found a seat beside two middle-aged women who were accompanied by two little girls. The mothers and daughters bore the unmistakable earmarks of the theatrical profession. I studied their faces and noted their remarks.

"Hullo, Mrs. Le Roy!"

"Hullo, Mrs. St. Clair!"

"Anything doing here to-day?"

"Not that I know of. Just dropped in to see."

"Gwendolen has been working for the Notorious Players Company."

"Angeline has been working for the Scandalous Film Corporation."

"Mr. O'Callahan, the director at the Notorious, said Gwendolen was the finest little actress he ever saw. He said she'd develop into a second Mary Pickford."

"Well, Mr. Rosenberger, at the Scandalous, said Angeline was one child in a million. He said she'd develop into a second Theda Bara. She can vamp already, and she is only seven!"

"Gwendolen is only six, but she has been in the movies for two years, so seems quite an oldtimer. She knows the whole business backward!"

"The other day Mr. Blumensteil, of the Patriotic, wanted Angeline for a picture with Archibald Montgomery, but he only offered me seven-fifty a day, and I told him I never accept less than ten. If he wants seven-fifty children, he can get the Bloomingdale kid! She has mangy hair and her front teeth are out!"

"Mr. Flannigan, at the Monumental, wanted Gwendolen for a picture with Rosabelle Lancaster, but it was to be cowboys and Indians and wild horses and rough stuff,



so I said nothing doing, not for my child! I won't have Gwendolen knocked down and trampled on—for seven-fifty or even for ten!"

"Before Angeline takes a job, I want to know exactly what's expected of her. I'll never forget the time they made her jump off a bridge and drown in a river! And only a half check extra! I told them that I'd sue for damages. But I didn't bother."

"Well, didn't they tie Gwendolen to a chair and set the room on fire! They told her to scream and yell, but it wasn't necessary. She had hysterics and almost had convulsions! She was a nervous wreck for a whole week afterward."

At this juncture I changed my seat, so as to be nearer the two children, the objects of this interesting discussion. The youngsters, like their elders, were engaged in earnest conversation, and, of course, were talking "shop."

"I was supposed to be a poor little girl, and I was dressed in rags, with holes in my shoes and stockings, and my hair all mussed up and tangled. But I had a rag doll to play with, and a poor lost dog, with a rope around its neck."

"I was supposed to be a rich little girl, with a pink silk dress and a pink satin coat. I had a maid and a footman

to wait on me, and I had real cake and ice cream to eat. But I was lonesome and cried for my mamma all the time."

"I like sad pictures best. I like people to be cruel to me, and I like to have vaseline tears smeared on my cheeks. When the film is shown, everybody feels sorry for me. I've been in theaters when people near me said, 'The poor little thing!' right out loud."

"I like funny pictures best. Chasing pictures, where everybody runs after everybody else, and cops fall down, and pies get thrown. I was in a film where we all sat on fly paper, and then got soaked with a hose."

"After I was in a picture with Reginald Winchester, he gave me a box of candy and said when I grew up he was going to marry me."

"Well, after I was in a picture with Sylvester Marlborough, he gave me a bottle of perfume and said, instead of me supporting him, he had been supporting me."

Just then the casting director came out from the inner office and faced the assembled company. There was a general rush in his direction. Comedians, tragedians, ingenues and vampires pressed forward. In the center of the throng were the two mothers and the two children. I was close beside them.

(Continued on page 29)



#### WHEN MAY ALLISON APPEARS IN TROUSERS

Miss Allison can't be expected to know all about men's apparel. George D. Baker, her director, comes to the rescue by fastening her cuff links, while his assistant, Charles Hundt, ties a nifty four-in-hand for the dainty Metro star. Miss Allison wears 'em—the trousers, that is—in her newest picture, "Peggy Does Her Darndest." She also wears the cute little mustache and demountable goatee, which she says does really tickle—honest.



# Movies in Occupied Germany

THE doughboy of the American Army of Occupation, who spent the winter in Coblenz, went to German movies for entertainment. He was sure to be diverted, even though the "filmspiel" happened to be a heavy Boche tragedy. This was what an American lieutenant, yearning for the Rialto, wrote home under the caption, "Dem Choiman Movies":

"It costs three marks to see a nickel movie show, but it's worth less. Every time we want a good laugh, we take in a heavy tragedy. They print the scenario on the program, because otherwise you wouldn't know what it's all about. Hearing the natives read the letters aloud puts you in mind of somebody trying to recite the jabberwocky backward and then getting all mixed up. A German vampire must be a blonde weighing 250 pounds avoirdupois. A hero is generally fair and fat and partly baldheaded. You can always tell in the first act who is going to die in the next. If an actor puts his hand where his heart is supposed to be, you know 'tootsweet' he's going to pop off from 'herzschlag.'"

But a greater source of amusement was the program, translated into English by the management with more or less success. Read it and see if it's mostly less:

## THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION

The little Cabarett had a sensation. The young and beautiful dancer Rahel was debuting. Count Pedro an elegant gentleman had sketched her. The next day he showed the picture to the court-society, and everybody was in ecstasy, even the sovereign begged count Pedro to engage the artist for the court-ballet. Rahel lives quietly by her self and her lover Benjamin Kulper, a young scholar often visits her and both work together. One day count Pedro finds them, and made the proposition to Rahel of an engagement to the court-theatre. Rahel accepts it, and feeds the dejected Benjamin with hope for a better time. Months have past. To day Rahel has to produce a solo dance for the first time before the sovereign and his wife. The mother of Benjamin also appears. The artist met with a great succes and gets many flowers. Like before Benjamin intends to bring his sweetheart home after the performance, but Rahel has no more time for him and he acknowledges that she is lost for him. The favoured dancer enjoys great triumphs and at lasst marrys count Pedro. One day Benjamin passes a beautiful castle and hears that this is a gift cound Petro's to his wife the past dancer Rahel. The countess has reception-day, and Benjamin mingles among the guests. Suddenly the countess discovers

him, wondering how he come here. He begs her to return to him, but she refuses to turn back to poverty. Now rich, she intends to enjoy her life. Distressed Benjamin tryes to shake her, and is arrested as a tnief, but is laking proofs is set free again.

Is Rahel real happy now? No, she finds out that richness is not the real happiness and often thinks of Benjamin. Some day she meets Benjamin in a forest, and he rescues her from an accident. Without accepting her thanks he went away. But soon Rahel has the occasion to make everything good to Benjamin. The sovereign is looking for a learned man to translate him an old chronical of that principality. Rahel proposed Benjamin, and he was engaged as the private secretary of the sovereign. Some day he found an document, verry valuable for the state. It is the suspicion that the important diagram wos stolen. Benjamin has to cause the farther.

Rahel is working for the general weal, because her husband neglected her. One day she meets Benjamin in a saloon in the most ill-famed part of the city. Benjamin recognised her in spide of that she wears a dense veil. A gentleman and cound Pedro is also in the publichouse. Benjamin watchs him and displace him the exit; but Rahel stands between and Pedro passes unhindert. A dedectiv hears the words of Pedro: „Also at the Shrove-Tuesday!“ — Shrove-Tuesday! Rahel fullfills the message of her husband, goes as a black Pierrot to the ball, to receive of an other Pierrot a sealed parcel for to give this to a Torrero. She looks around the ball-room, and receives from a Pierrot the parcel. From a corner comes a Torrero, he takes of his mask and she recognises Benjamin. He tells her to leave at once the ball. Excitedly Rahel goes away, and hears the words: "Everything is betrayed, escape!"

An other Torrero was he who said these words to a Pierrot, who was count Pedro. Pedro runs to Rahel in her room and begs her tho rescul him, because he should be arrested.

Scarsely she hides him and Benjamin enters. She denys count Pedro, but Benjamin has heart everything, ant goes quietly, because he does not like to make Rahel more unhappier.

On Ash-Wednesday knees Rahel by the corpse of her under roses biered up Husband.

## Decollete

"Doesn't that movie actress put on airs?"

"Well, she ought to put on something."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself has said:

"I could write a better photoplay than that"?



Portrait of Pearl White.  
(Hitherto unpublished.)





POPULAR  
ASTRONOMY

### Just Her Salary

"You are worth your weight in gold!" gushed the enamored youth.

"My dear boy," responded the movie star, "you are not very flattering. I get that much gold every week."

*Who wouldn't cry for the moon, now that Elsie Ferguson is on location there? A heavenly body? We'd say so.*

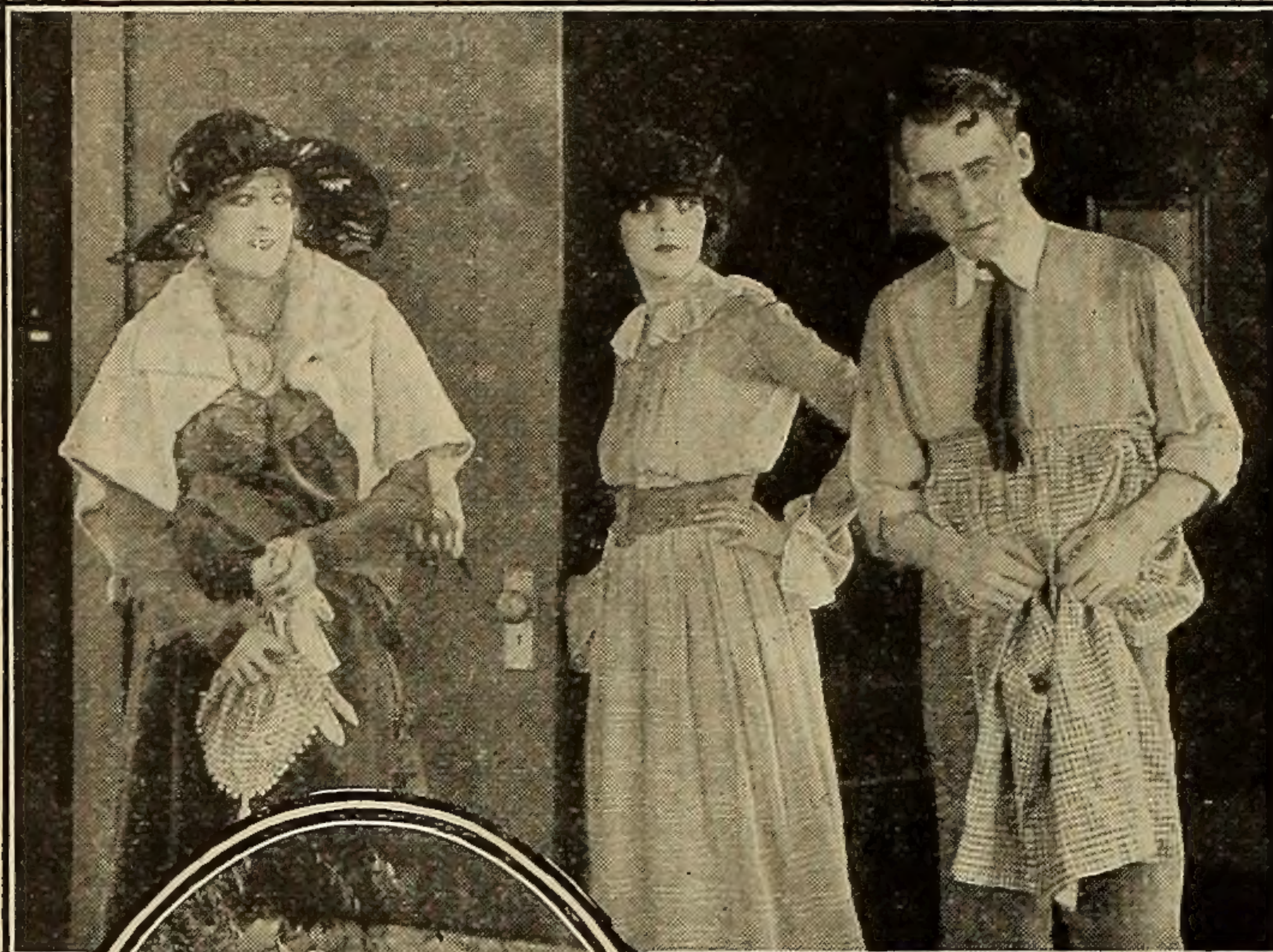
### Suggestion

*Actress*—I'm too tired to work to-day. I'm fagged out.

*Director*—You probably have been reading your press agent's dope and made yourself believe you've done all he says you do.



# "Restless Souls" and All That Sort of Thing



1. Comes the rich sister to take the poor one from her poverty.



2. The rich sister seeks relief from boredom in a love affair.



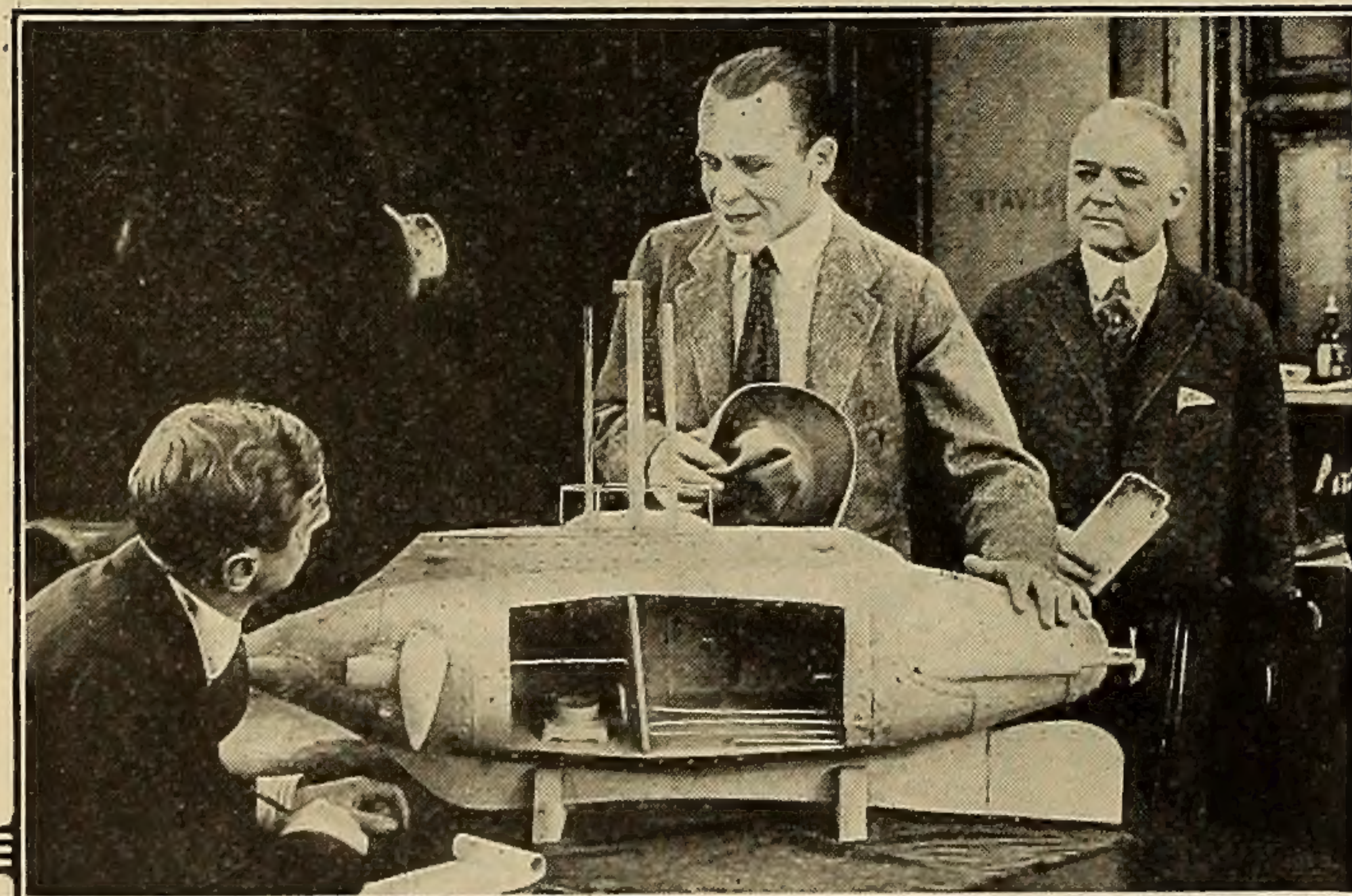
3. Judith plots to use poor Marion as a means to her own matrimonial freedom.

## The Story in Brief

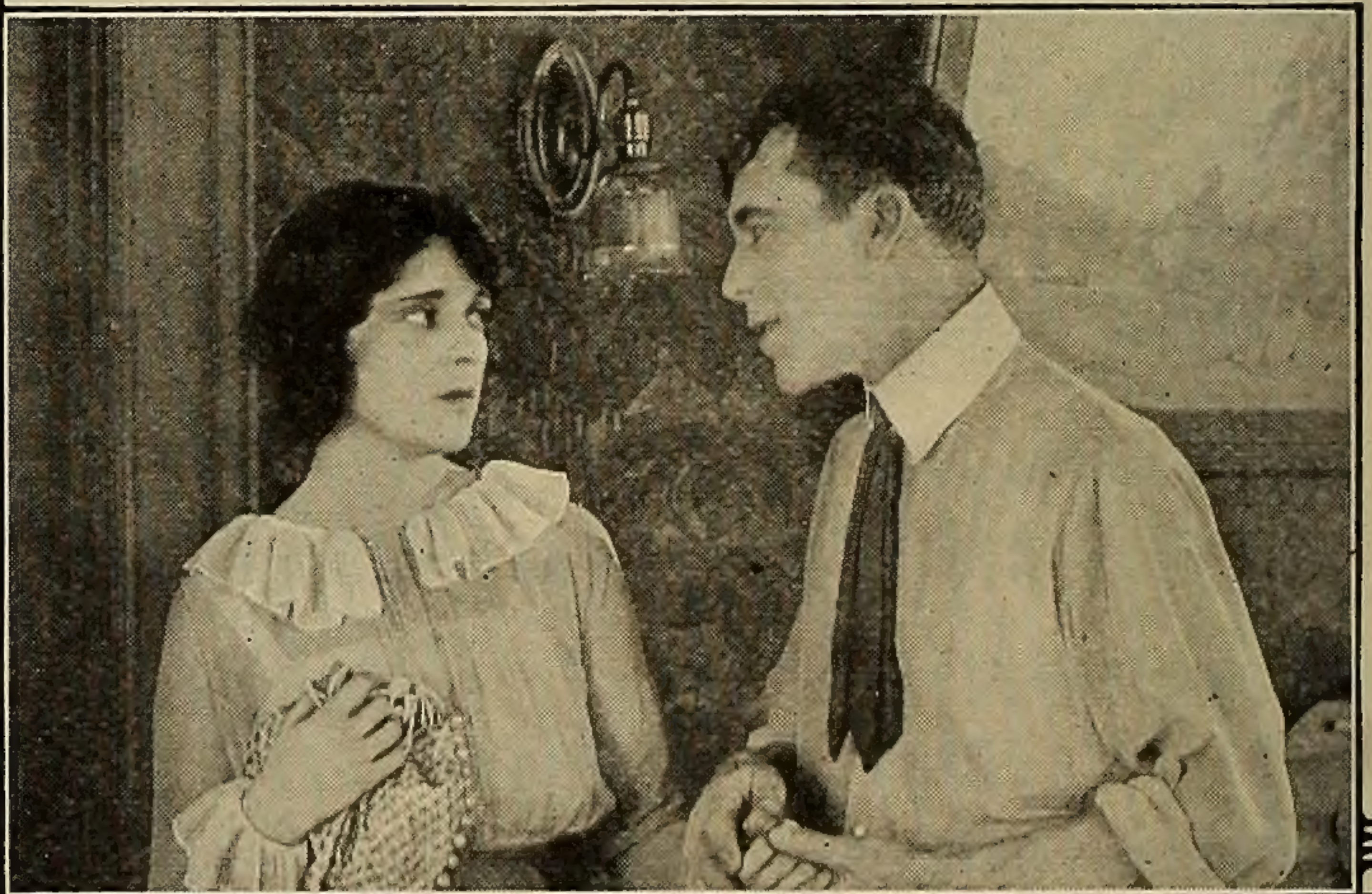
Marion (Alma Rubens) marries poverty, plus ambition. Judith, her sister, marries wealth. Hugh, Marion's husband, is absorbed in his work as an inventor, and Marion finds companionship and luxury at the home of Judith. Her husband and she drift slowly apart. Judith, the rich sister, has a lover who is not her husband, and in the hope of securing grounds for divorce, she plots to compromise Marion at a house party. She knows the looseness of her own husband's character, and it is with him that she proposes to entangle Marion. The latter awakens to the moral nature of those around her, and as her neglected spouse's invention turns out a success financially, reconciliation between them is especially happy and timely. And there is rest for at least two "restless souls."



4. Nor is Judith's husband at all averse to a little affair with another man's wife.



5. Meanwhile, plodding Hugh, husband of Marion, has put over his invention to some real money purpose.



6. And, cured of her fondness for life among the idle rich, Marion comes back to humble home and happiness.



# "Romance and Arabella" Has Real Folks



1. Arabella and her Aunt Effie discuss the matrimonial outlook.



2. Romance as exemplified by the exponent of soul-mate ideas.



3. Next the mandolin-strumming, sighful type of wooer, a very young one.

## Making It Clear

Mrs. Arabella Cadenhose (Constance Talmadge) is a young widow, who determines that her second husband must supply her with romance. Bill, a prosaic young man, who has known Arabella all her life, makes up his mind to marry her himself. He feeds her desire for romance by producing one counter-irritant after another, a faddist, a callow youth and a eugenist, until Arabella loses all illusions as to romantic men. Then Bill makes her Mrs. Bill, to her satisfaction.



4. The eugenist is a scientific and cold-blooded lover, so absent-minded that—



5. He forgets the hour of his own wedding, and gets his unconditional release from the bride.



6. Done with romance, Arabella marries old friend Bill, who intended she should all the while.



# Mechanical April Showers

By Wyndham Semple



*Just back from a movie rainstorm—Madge Kennedy at the extreme right.*

**T**HERE are mighty few motion picture directors of my acquaintance who can be trusted out of sight with a star, a leading man and a camera. And when I say out of sight, I mean out of sight of the producer—the Boss whose good thousands of dollars director and star and leading man draw on heavily every week in the course of a production. They're too apt to make silly asses of themselves, these directors who can't be trusted, and first thing the Boss knows, he'll find himself with five or six thousand feet of stuff that will thrill the susceptible marrow of Third Avenue audiences, but which is more likely to get laughs on Broadway. And you can imagine what an embarrassing situation that is, since pictures are shown on Broadway long, long before they get to Third Avenue.

I know a motion picture director who can insert a close-up of an orchid, and so impress that one blossom on the minds of his spectators that not one will have trouble fifteen minutes later picking it out of a bunch in the corsage of the star. I know one who can switch to a close-up of a single tear trickling down a beautiful lady's nose and tell a story another director would take 300 feet to get over. But these are the exceptions. They are the great. I'm dealing for the moment with the boobs—with the boobs and movie rainstorms.

I once worked in a corner of a studio—played in a picture, in fact—where a boob director presided. His script called for a rainstorm—an April shower. No ordinary April shower was going to do him. He announced that the minute he heard what was expected of him. He was going to have a novelty, something unusual, something finished, something so unmistakably Aprilish and shower-

ish that there could be left no doubt of what he was trying to get at.

He got it—got it by the simple expedient of multiplying fifty times the number of sprinkler pipes he should have used and half emptying the storage tank of water. Also he got the gate as soon as the president of the company, deluged in his sumptuous suite on the floor below, found out where the trouble was. And the man who developed the film vowed he never could tell what it was all about. All he could see was water.

Here's where the great director comes in. Give him an order for an April shower, and he'll get it with a baby sprinkling pot and drops of water flipped in the star's face with his fingers; ask for a November rain, and he'll produce it with a lead pipe fluted with small nail holes; demand a nor'wester, and he'll supply it with a hose, a coarse spray nozzle and an electric fan; require an equinoctial howler, and he'll give it to you with a standpipe and an airplane propeller driven by the studio motor.

I recall one picture—"Nearly Married" it was, made by Goldwyn, with Madge Kennedy in the star part—in which the director, whose name for the moment eludes me, was faced with the necessity of providing a whirling, beating rainstorm *outdoors*. He filmed it with the aid of an appliance controlled by an airplane propeller mounted on 2x4 struts and whirled by a belt driven by a motor. The only cost to the Boss was for the current that was needed. The star paid for her own ruined frock, cloak, hat, shoes and stockings—maybe even lingerie, the storm was that successful. The array of players presented (Miss Kennedy at the extreme right) shows not only the ef-

*(Continued on page 31)*



# "It's a Bear" Is All of That and More



1. Mr. Winthrop hands it hard to Orlando for not being more of a man.



2. Orlando surprises the family by announcing that he will run the ranch.

## Just a Line on It

The Winthrops get their income from Western sheep ranches. They have a son, *Orlando*, a Harvard grad (Taylor Holmes), whom somewhat reluctantly they send West to look after their interests, which are jeopardized by a rascally foreman, *Cogney*. The latter tries to drive *Orlando* out of his new job by ridicule, but the ex-Harvard man outbluffs the ranch gang at cards, outdrinks them, and brings in, docile, a wild bear. After that, he foils the bandits whom *Cogney* has hired to drive the sheep over a cliff, and wins for an admiring wife the little schoolmistress, thus dishing *Cogney* twice. Happiness. Curtain.



3. Cogney, the foreman, and the little schoolteacher, seem to think him funny.



4. The ranch, Orlando finds, is singularly lacking in bathrooms.



5. He electrifies the ranch crew by appearing in his new "roughing it" suit. But they learn to respect him.



6. He brings home the wild bear, which is but one of many surprises for the little schoolmistress, whom finally he marries.



# Making the Movies Dry

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

**N**OT only is it to be criminal to drink, but it is to be almost criminal to show the act of drinking. Which brings us squarely to the effect that Prohibition will have upon the movies. Already that word has been passed along to scenario writers and directors to cut out the strong stuff in picture plays, and here is what Bill Hart, Douglas Fairbanks and other equally noted screen stars think about it. Their opinions are given, first hand, to FILM FUN.

A dry screen means something which borders on the revolutionary. It means, of course, in its low-

est terms, that no motion picture will show alcohol in any form, not even the two per cent. variety. It means that there will be no more bottles and decanters, and, very likely, no more sideboards. It means that wine will no longer be served at banquets in the great hall of the pasteboard chateau. It means that the handy practice of doping a hero with knockout drops in a saloon will have to be abandoned, for there will be no saloon in which to lure him. It means that those gay chianti parties in which members of an artists' col-

ony invariably indulge will have to be called off immediately, for it will not do to say that the scene is the Paris Latin Quarter, and that therefore a wine display is permissible. Whatever the scene, the "location" will be United States, and subject to drought without notice.

But if there is to be no tough saloon, if the villain cannot inflame himself with strong drink, what will induce him to commit the crime? If the little, unsuspecting girl from the country cannot be given her first cocktail, how is the scenario writer to start her on the path of perils? It's a knotty problem. It will have to work itself out. Suppose you listen while some of the big movie stars talk about it.

Bill Hart was the first star I encountered, and he was

sitting in a rocking chair in a hotel lobby set, ruining a perfectly good rug by roweling it with his spurs.

"Tell me," I said, "what are you going to do with the Demon Rum in your Western pictures? What is to take the place of the tough barroom scene in the mining camp, how are the dance-hall plots going to be hatched, and what, henceforth, is to be the bad man's tippie?"

Bill regarded me with that cold, steely glitter in his eye that makes the screen desperado cringe.

"Are you a prohibitionist?" he asked sternly, and I noticed that he was fingering the gun at his hip.

"I—er"—I commenced nervously, one eye on the gun and the other on the door marked "Exit." "I"—

"Because, if you are," he went on, "you may not like my language."

I breathed again. Oh, well, if it was just language—

"Do your worst!" I invited.

"Well," he commenced, "personally, I don't think prohibition will affect the movies one way or the other, for the simple reason that a picture has to be in keeping with the period in which it is placed. Western

pictures—many of them, at least—are staged as being in a bygone day. If a film was made of Charlemagne's life, I suppose they'd dress the people according to the styles used at that time, wouldn't they, and in a Western picture you can't hatch a plot over a foaming beaker of chocolate soda or get hilarious and shoot up the town while under the influence of orangeade. I think that censoring drinking in pictures is bunk, and if you want to know what I think of the dry amendment itself"—

What he thought was a-plenty, and what he said was a-plenty. It was language, all right.

"And, furthermore," he added, having paused for breath, "I don't think it's constitutional or that it will



*"You can't get hilarious and shoot up a town while under the influence of an orangeade," says Bill Hart.*





A TOUGH WESTERN BARROOM UNDER THE MOVIE REFORMATION

stick, because it's too drastic and destroys personal liberty. Mind you, I'm not in favor of the saloons; but to take from a sober, industrious man the privilege of having a glass of light wine or beer with his meals—it's"— And he talked some more.

Fatty Arbuckle, who claims to be a producer of Western pictures since he made "The Sheriff," claimed that the situation was serious—very serious. "I have it all figured out," he said, heaving a rotund sigh, "how it's going to mean the downfall of the movies. You see, first they remove strong drink from the films. Now that cuts off the vampire's chief source of help and assistance, and expurgates the villainous activities of the bad man to an alarming degree. Besides which, both characters are quite as undesirable as booze. So the next step will be the elimination of vampires, bad men, bandits and tough characters of all kinds. That will lead to the downfall of the drama, and

since only comedies will be left, the film fans will laugh themselves to death. It's a sad, sad thought!"

Doug Fairbanks was in the throes of planning a rodeo—yes, again—and admitted that he hadn't given a great deal of attention to the abdication of the Demon Rum.

"I don't drink and never have," he confessed, "so I know very little about the joys or sorrows of getting drunk. In my type of Western pictures I use drinking scarcely at

all, and to eliminate it altogether will be a cinch. I think prohibition is good for the country, and likewise for the films, because it will make scenario writers hustle for new effects and new plots. Bootlegging ought to be good now; all the villains can be smugglers of alcoholic spirits or moonshiners. The vampires will have to be twice as clever, because they'll have to rely on their own efforts to entice their victims to ruin, and the bad men will have to use shots in the arms or capsules to overcome

(Continued on page 31)



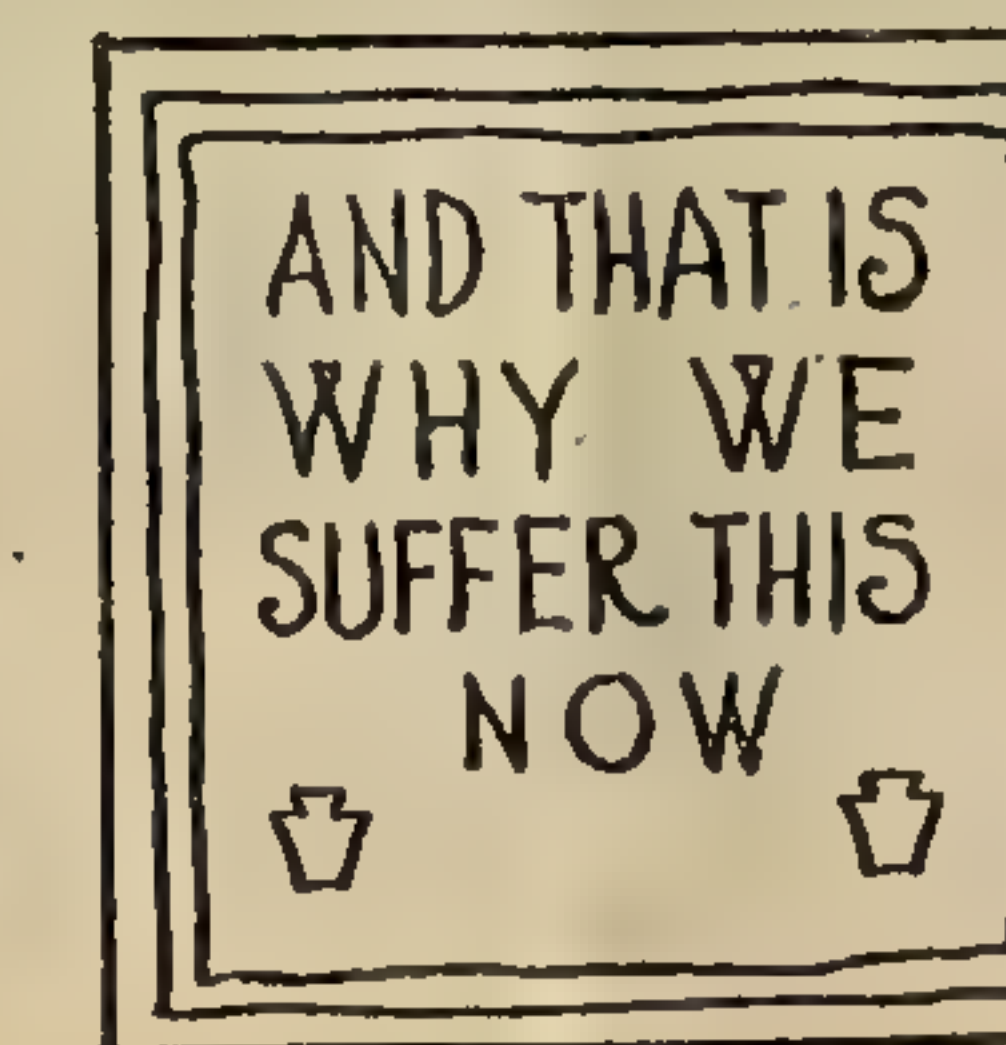
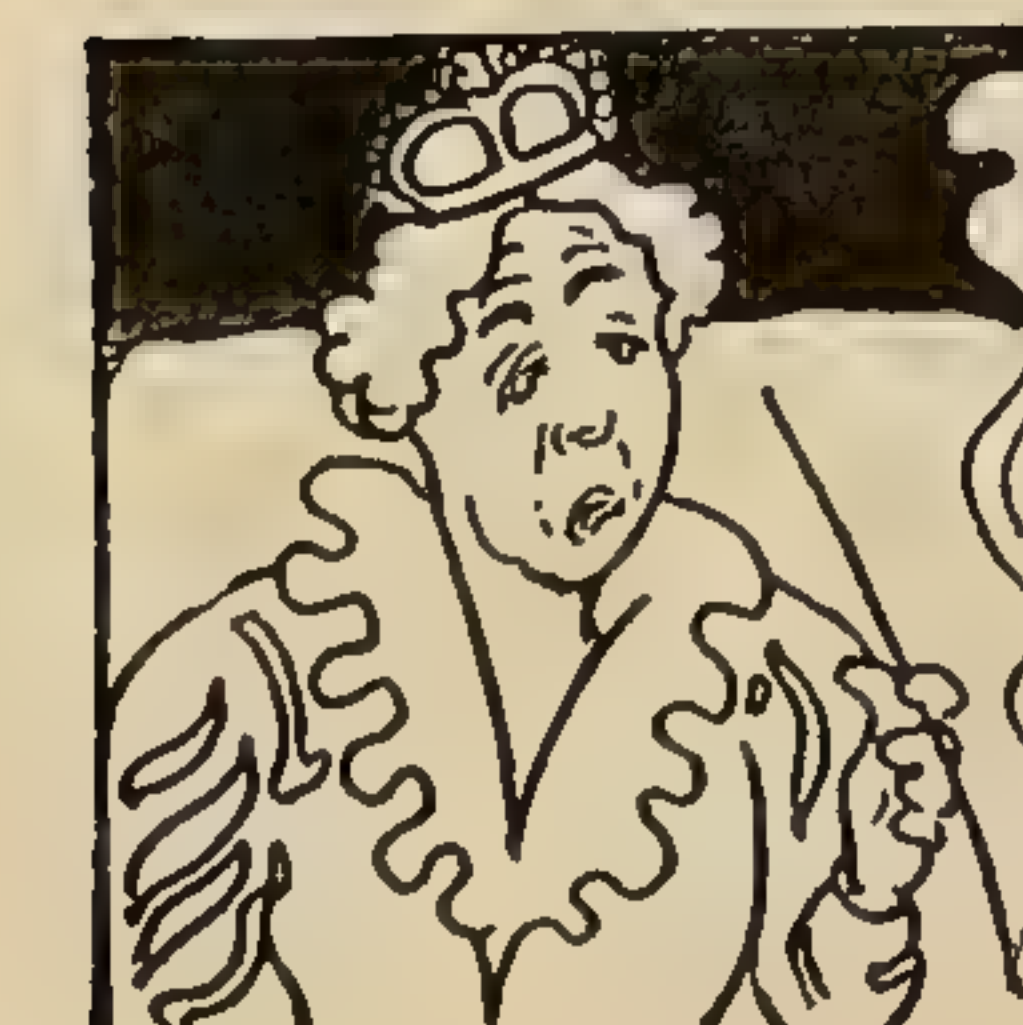
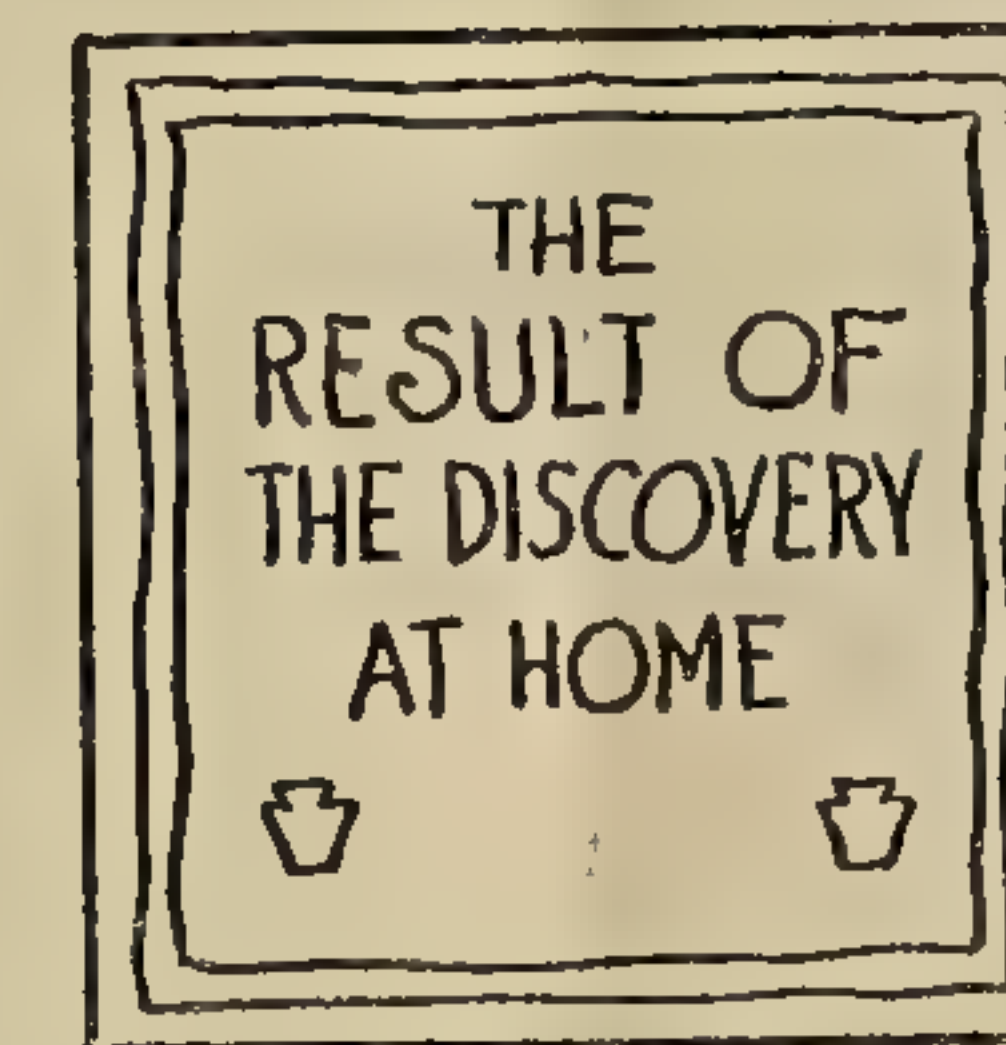
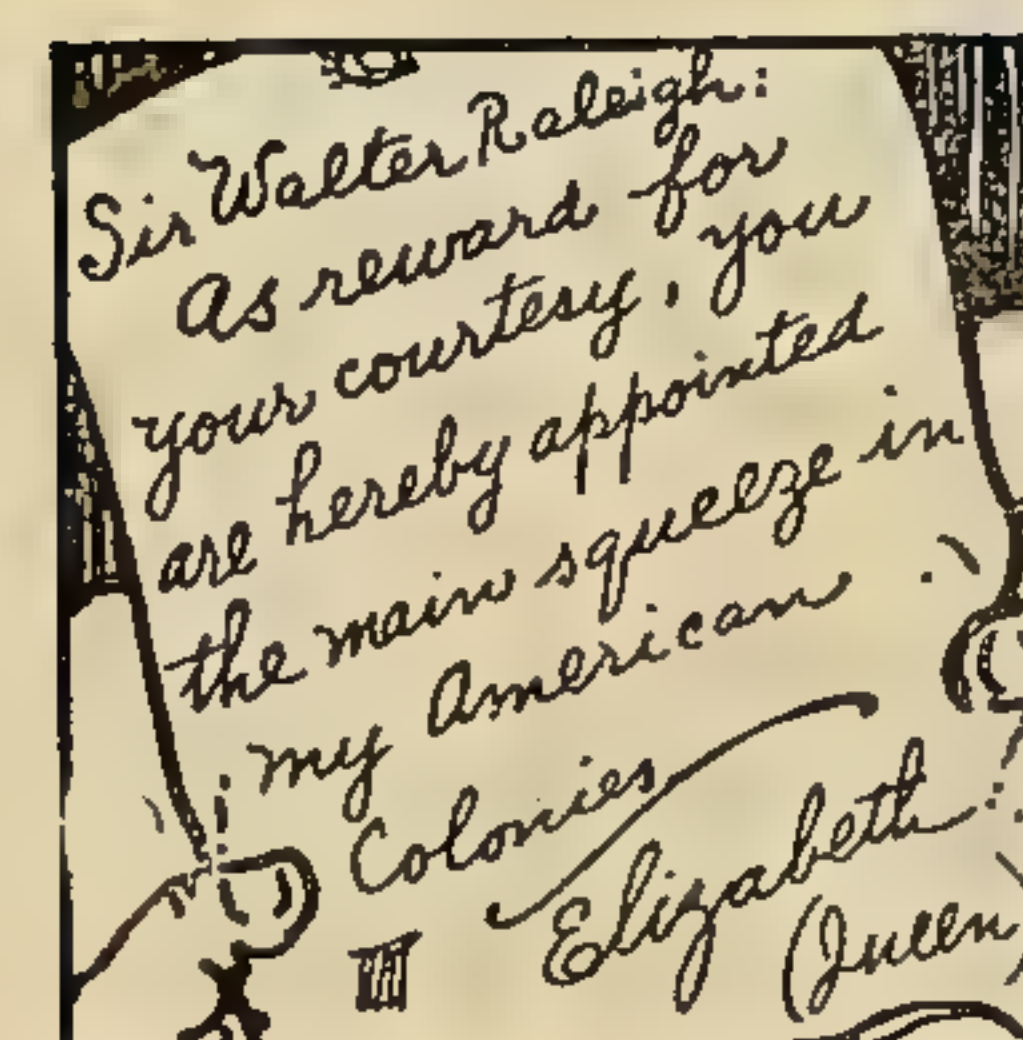
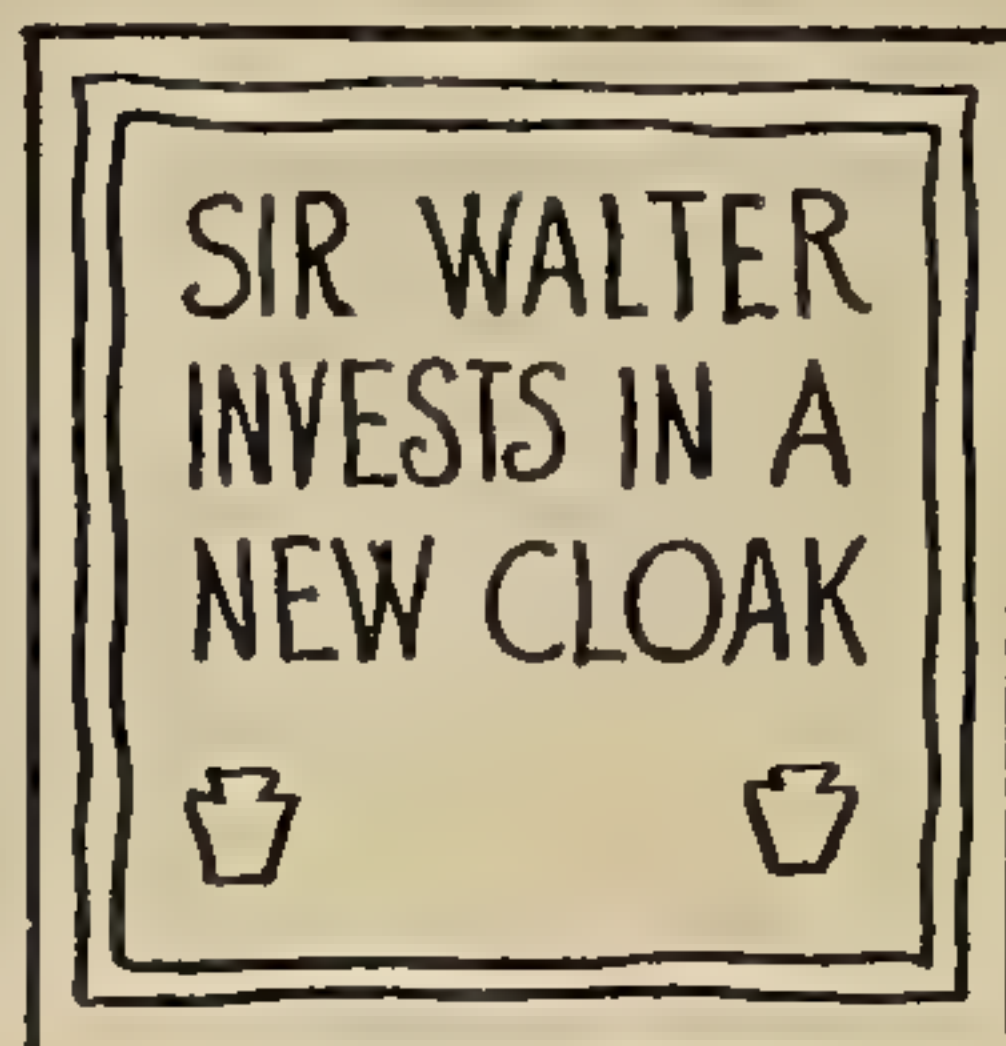
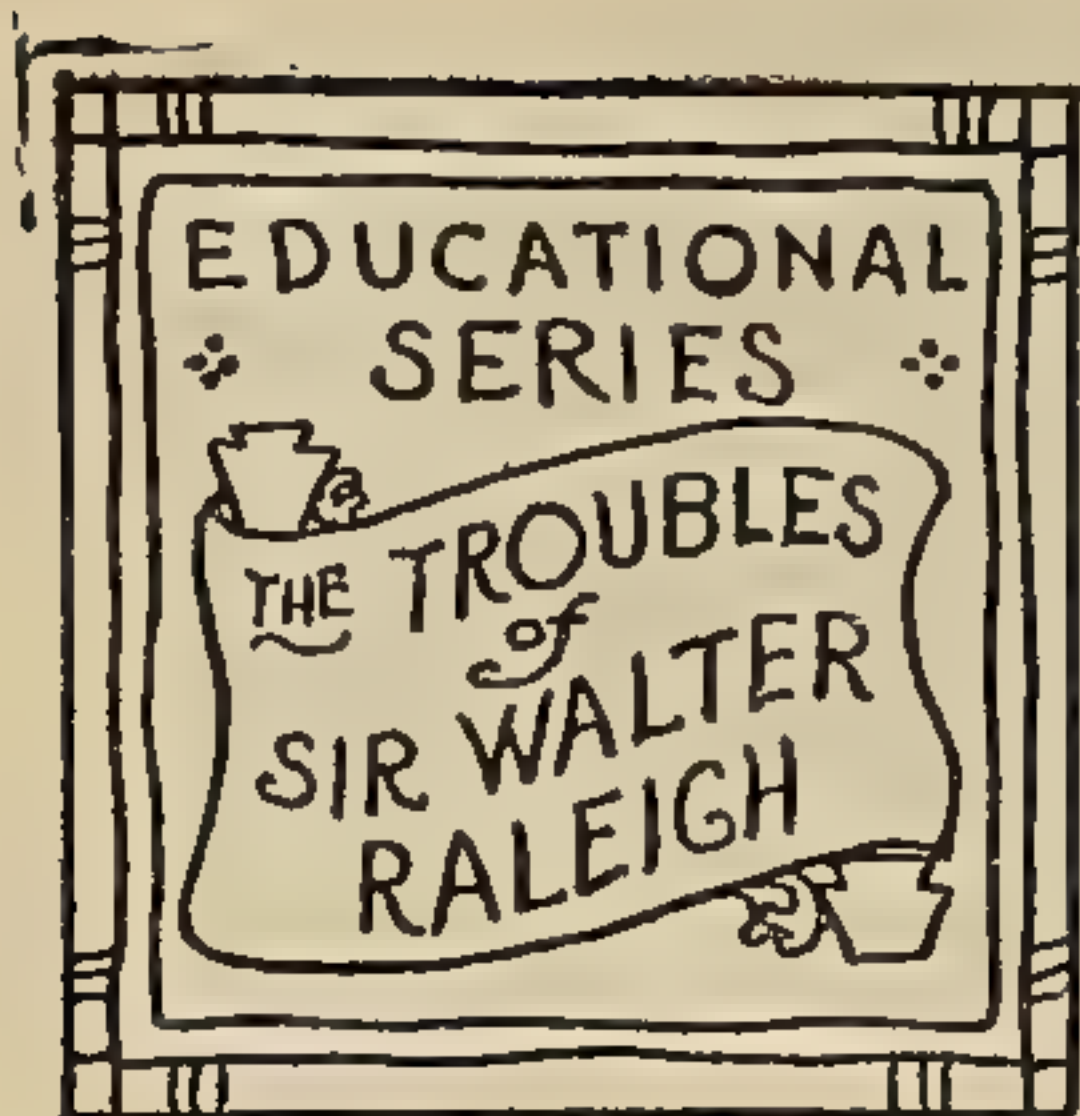
Dustin Farnum empties the Red

the last two bottles in Dog saloon.





## Movies From Film Fun's Screen



*The Troubles of Sir Walter Raleigh: The Moral of Which is, Don't Lose Your Head*





# Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



**B**ILL HART says he pensioned his horse, "Fritz," and hereafter the pinto will lead a filmless life of ease and oats. That's what Bill says. We heard differently. Someone told the pony that Bill once played *Romeo*, and Fritz quit him in cold disgust!



*After completing a picture, many stars give the dresses worn in the play to the "extra girls." If Theda Bara did that with her "Salome" dresses, some "extra girl" at Fox's is going to accumulate either an awful cold or a bad case of sunburn.*



**O**LGA PETROVA'S home is at Great Neck, Long Island, next door to George M. Cohan's estate.

Somehow, this fact recalls to our silly mind the contiguous hot and cold water faucets in our bathtub.



## BETCHA LIFE!

*Mary has a lot of lambs,  
And, gee! they love her so,  
That when her pictures come to town  
The lambs are sure to go!*

**A**GENT who deals out helpful hints to amateur scenario writers advises them: "Don't wear out your brain trying to think of unusual stories; keep simple." And most of 'em do!



## THERE WOULD BE NO UNCLEAN PICTURES IF—

*You refused to see them, and  
Exhibitors refused to show them, and  
Actors refused to work in them, and  
Directors refused to make them, and  
Producers refused to buy them, and  
Authors refused to write them, so  
Let's get together!*



**H**OMELY little schoolgirls should take heart!

Dorothy Dalton admits that she was the most non-beautiful kid in the third grade.

"Dimples" cannot be identified to-day by that peculiarity, and—

If it is a habit of film folks to undergo such a complete change as they grow up—

Toto must have been a remarkably beautiful boy!

(Continued on page 30)



Movie Puzzle-Picture—Find the Wife of the Shoe Dealer



# Movie Beards

By Robert C. Benchley



*Something in Crepe Hair.*

David Belasco, who, in his palmiest days of realism, was insisting on a bona-fide odor of onions arising from any stew which was supposed to be in the process of construction off-stage, never waxed so realistic but what he could see his way clear to allow David Warfield to stick on a little plot of bevo-whiskers every night and pull them off again after the performance. There was a limit beyond which stage realists would not go. Using a real baby on the stage, placing real flowers in a vase at every performance and growing real whiskers were the three points at which the stage managers alighted, saying, "After all, this is only a show."

Consequently, there were many types of imitation beards devised to give Nature a helping hand. These ranged in deceptive power from the everglade-moss strung on a wire frame, which draped over the ears like a pair of spectacles and were affected in amateur dramatic societies by low-comedy characters and detectives, to the curly horsehair which came in braids and which was stuck onto the desired sector of the face with spirit gum. In the absence of sufficient stage properties, a man with a full beard of horsehair could double for the parlor lounge if properly covered with a decorative rug.

There was a certain advantage in these eight-hour-day whiskers (time and a half for overtime), in that they allowed for rapid adaptation from one characterization to another. By a deft shift from chin to upper lip and the aid of a drop more of the spirit gum, the old rustic inventor who had been shamefully treated by the crafty city chaps could be transformed into Inspector Donovan of Headquarters and apprehend the culprits on the spot; or, if occasion demanded, the little wad of versatile hair could be divided into two teams and stationed, one under each ear, to give the illusion of a

THE superior qualities of the movies over the stage may be in some respects debatable, but there is no room for argument over the fact that the pictures have shown up the old-time stage whisker for the piker that it is (or are).

cholerick justice who could try and sentence the rascals then and there. All this could be effected in the fairly long twinkling of an eye.

But the whole thing smacked of insincerity. There was always the feeling that, under the stress of the emotional scenes, the

spirit gum might lose its authority over one side of the King's Van Dyke and leave him, with a sort of unfinished look, like the victim of a moth atrocity. A false beard is a false beard, no matter how you look at it.

Into this department of art the movies have brought the clear, bright light of Truth. When whiskers are "indicated" in the script, they are planned ahead of time and grown on the actor's face itself, far enough in advance of the taking of the picture so that they are in a state of full bloom by the time the entrance cue is given. Just as roses are sometimes planted with a view to their coming into their prime for a wedding to be held on the estate on June 17th, so does the moving picture actor, like William Farnum playing *Jean Valjean* in "Les Miserables," for instance, deliberately chart out the mean rate at which his beard has been

proven to grow under certain climatic conditions and lay his plans accordingly.

Some roles, of course, take longer than others to prepare for. If a scenario should ever be written calling for a picturization of the Smith Bros., the Cough Drop Boys, the actors cast for these parts would have to begin early in January to arrange the "location" and get started on the actual horticulture for a midsummer production. But, on the other hand, there are parts whose tonsorial arrangements could be made overnight by any man who at all lived up to the name.

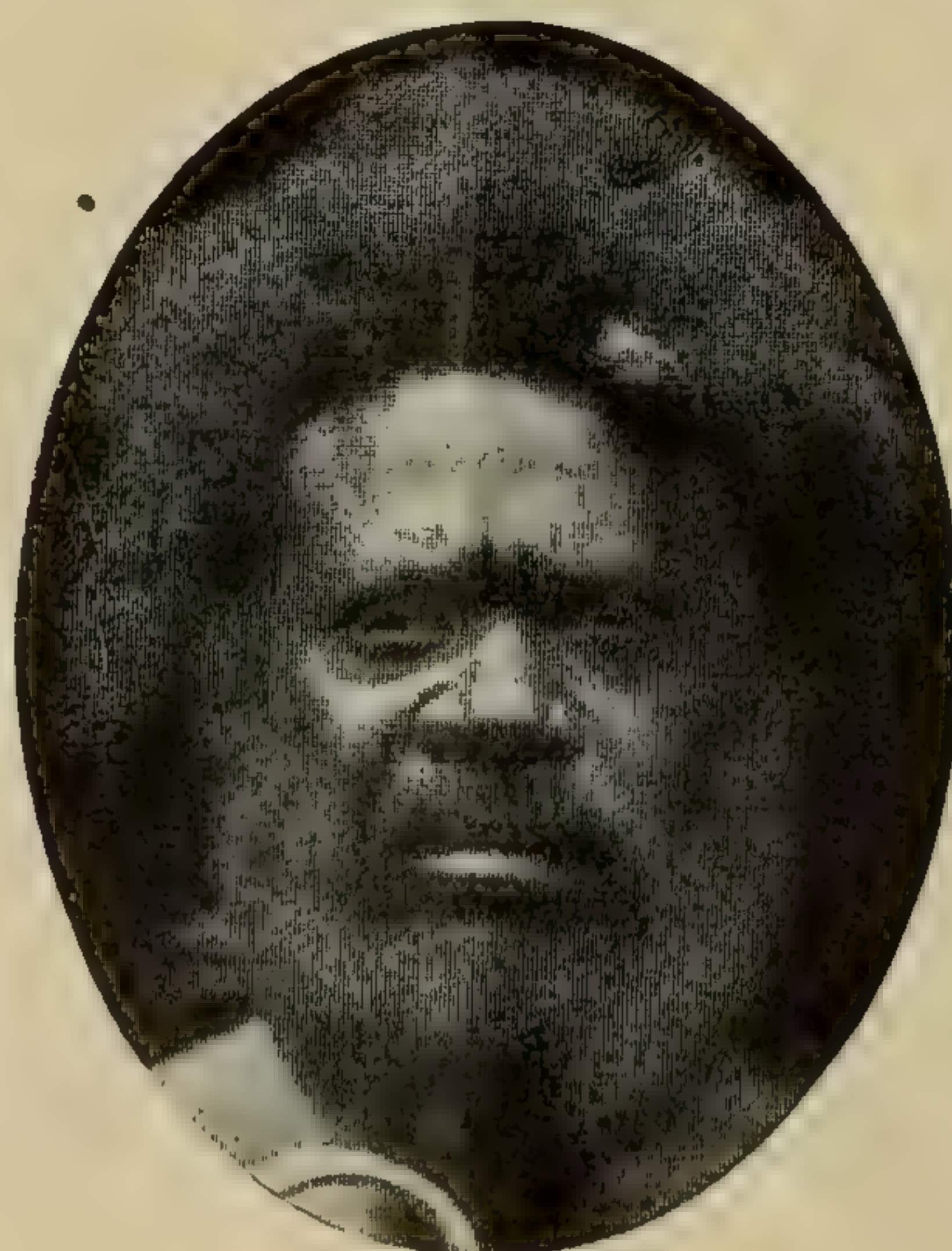
There is, of course, a reason more practical than that of sheer devotion to one's art that makes Carlyle Blackwell, for instance, grow an honest-to-gosh whisker in "Love in a Hurry," or George Fawcett raise his own in "A Romance of Happy Valley." The fact is that under the pitiless lens the oldtime "just-as-



*Sparse, But Real.*



*Said to be Genuine.*



*Quality Guaranteed.*

(Continued on page 32)



# "Their Baby" Is as Cute as It Can Be



1. *Jim would name baby Theodore. Betty holds out for Maurice.*

2. *Things are going strong when Judge Brown arrives and suggests a divorce.*



3. *Snapshot of the baby in court with his father, Jim.*

## Just a Little Prattle

*Jim and Betty have argued for six months, trying to find a suitable name for their son. Their friend, Judge Brown, comes to call and decides to settle the affair. He proposes that they come to him for a divorce. That afternoon they appear before the Judge, who duly declares them divorced and takes possession of the baby in the name of the court, forbidding that either should see the child. Naturally the parents' instinct to see their offspring becomes so great that they both start for Judge Brown's house and arrive together. Of course, the natural thing happens — they kiss the baby and each other. The Judge shows them that the paper they signed was an agreement to name the baby Bill. So they do.*



4. *Denied the right to see baby, Betty does the next best thing.*



5. *Jim and Betty arrive together at the home of Judge Brown, he having "custody of the child."*



6. *The divorce is declared off. Married life is declared on. Baby is named Bill.*



## Why Can't I Be a Hero?

### The Wanderings of a Mind Unbalanced by the Movies

**I** ALWAYS know when I am wounded. When anybody shoots me, I never lose a minute in getting the bullet extracted. I am no good at carrying bullets around.

Being stabbed bothers me, too. When I am bleeding buckets full of blood from a stab wound, I try my best to toss the thing off carelessly and say, "It's nothing. 'Snothing at all," but I invariably wince under a dagger.

There was the time Sure Death Dan shot me in the heart in a saloon in the North Woods. I tried to laugh the matter off and invite everybody to have a drink, but I curled up in a wad and flopped to the floor and was in bed three days. When I felt the bullet, I didn't even take time to whirl around with my arms in the air and stretch out full length on the barroom floor.

When I hold up a train, I tell my men to go the limit. Try my best, I can't think of a single ethical touch. I tell my men to get everything they can and to cut the throat of every man or woman who resists robbery. "Cut the women's throats!" asked one of my men in astonishment, as I was instructing them for a robbery one day. "Yes," I replied. That very day I saw one of my men hitting a beautiful woman, as we were going through a parlor car, and something within me told me I ought to knock him flat and humiliate him, but, instead, I said: "That's the way to treat them, Oscar—when necessary." It probably made me unpopular with every woman on that car. At least, I

have never been invited into any of their homes.

I never have any fun, either, when the police are after me. One

time there were seven of them after me in a hotel in Los Angeles. I was in a room on the sixteenth floor. I heard them coming up the fire escape. I looked out of the window on the other side of the room, and I could have jumped twenty feet and landed on the roof of a twelve-story building on the other side of the alley and crawled



#### INVERSE RATIO

Julia—Can Johnny come in for half price? He's only got one eye.

Hattie—You'll have to pay double for him. He'll want to see the show around twice.



#### "NERVE SPECIALISTS"

*Not the kind that charges \$1,000 an hour; the kind that gets \$5 a day.*

down a skylight three blocks away; but somehow I had the impulse to walk out of my room and go down in the elevator, and I *did*. I walked out the front door of the hotel and saw the police running around on top of all the buildings in the neighborhood. One of them was climbing a flagpole, thousands of feet above the street. It is that way with all my escapes. I positively abhor them—all of them.

The four times that I have fallen over precipices (twice in a Ford racer and twice on horseback), I have narrowly escaped death. I was never in the hospital less than five months. I always try to shake off the horse or the Ford (like a bed cover) and stagger to a nearby spring for complete revivification, but precipices put me out cold. It is always nauseating to me, and I get tangled up in the steering gear, with my hands all bent in under me and my head covered up so that my face doesn't show at all, and, usually, with my feet sticking up in the air. Beautiful women shun me when I fall off of cliffs. It is usually some rheumatic old farmer who picks me up.

One night a man who was, at that time, particularly obnoxious to me, was lighting a cigarette in an alcove in a 'dobe hut across the street from my hotel. I had a Maxim silencer on my revolver and thought it would be good sport to shoot the match out of his hand. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw, and it was the opportunity of my lifetime. I shot. I hit a wooden pump thirty-five feet to the right of my enemy. I found the bullet there the next morning.

I am perhaps one of the hardest drinkers who ever dashed a glass of whiskey into his throat. I drink maliciously. Yet one of the saddest things in my life is my

(Continued on page 29)



# What They're Wearing This Spring



*Viola Dana wears this shady hat because Los Angeles sunshine calls for such protection.*



*A hula dancer? No, Shirley Mason, showing the chic Hawaiian styles.*



*Is it any wonder Vivian Martin looks happy if "Jane Goes a-Wooing" in garb like this?*



*"The very latest wrinkle in evening gowns," says Norma Talmadge. And she always knows.*



*Simplicity itself—robe, roses and girl. Constance Binney is a new star, discovered in "Sporting Life."*



*Gloria Swanson thinks one can overcome any peacock feather hoo-doo if a trained gown like this is available.*



## McAdoo of the Movies

**C**ABINET officers, like lesser folks, are subject to the influences of the times. William G. McAdoo, throughout the war Secretary of the Treasury and Federal Controller of Railroads, has gone into the movies. Not as an actor or a director did he go, although that may happen later, but as legal guide and counselor to the new combination into which Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart, Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith have formed themselves. Mr. McAdoo left the public service to restore not only his own health, but that of his private purse, both of which had become depleted. The climate of California will do much for the former, and fees reported to be in the neighborhood of \$100,000 annually should accomplish wonders in a short time for the latter.

But how we are moving! One does not have to belong to a waning generation to remember when Cabinet officers left their Washington

portfolios for jobs of the frock-coat and silk-hat variety. Grover Cleveland, who appointed Cabinet officers in his time, chaperoned the reorganization of an insurance company. Leslie M. Shaw went in for banking. George B. Cortelyou became president of a gas company. These are but random instances, but they illustrate. The initiation of ex-Secretary McAdoo into the realm of films will not be evidence of a lowered professional standard among retiring Cabinet officers; it will remind us of the mounting dignity and importance of the motion picture industry in the business and professional world. Safely to steer a course among the shoals of movie rivalries requires a skill at



*Doug and Mac, the Latest Movie Combination.*

piloting for which the financing of a war and the readjustment of a railroad system will not have been too rigorous an apprenticeship.

Mr. McAdoo's new job is proof of the value of "mixing." He knew the right people. He knew Douglas Fairbanks. When scouting about for features to enliven the Liberty Loan drives, Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Fairbanks got together and evolved an air-flight idea, in which the latter was to be the hero. The untiring Doug sold many Liberty Bonds for Mr. McAdoo, and Mr. McAdoo, to look at the matter from another angle for a moment, provided Mr. Fairbanks's publicity man with some not altogether valueless press material. It was Fairbanks, we are told, who grabbed Mr. McAdoo out of his California environment of rest and steered him into the councils of the movie most high, and in no time at all Mr. McAdoo was out with a statement in which he spoke of the importance of securing "the artistic development of the motion picture industry." Which showed that Mr. McAdoo was right on his \$100,000 job.

### You Know How It Is!

**S**HE sat beneath the greenwood shade,  
Removed her shoes—this pretty maid—  
To cross the brook.  
"Aha!" says we; "a dimpled knee  
Or two we're mighty soon to see.  
Let's give a look!"

And then the guy in front of us  
Rose to his feet—a husky cuss,  
Wide as a boat!  
He smoothed his hair, his hat did don,  
And spent some time a-putting on  
His overcoat!

And when at length, with vision keen,  
We had a chance to view the screen—  
Oh, me! Oh, my!  
The girl had crossed the brook, and she  
Had donned her hose and shoes—aw, gee!  
Doggone that guy! —Harry J. Smalley.



*Bessie Barriscale, an actress who is not handicapped by narrow skirts.*



# The Relaxing Influence of the Movies



## A Movie Thought

Shakespeare advised us to hold the mirror up to nature, but he never suggested holding the camera close-up to make-up.

## Relative

"Is that the director's automobile in front of the studio?"

"No; that's the star's. The bicycle near it is the director's."





### THE LOBBY OF A RAINY NIGHT

The coy one—*You can't tell me! Those fellows are standing there for nothing in the world but to see us cross the sidewalk.*

### In Many Cases

*Theater Owner*—I haven't seen you in my theater for months. Don't you like pictures any more?

*Patron*—The pictures are all right, but I get tired of hearing the same music every night.

### Screen School

*Mrs. Smythe*—What a jewel of a butler you have! He must have had many years' experience.

*Mrs. Browne*—No; I learned just recently that all he knows he learned from movie butlers.

### You've Seen 'Em

"What did you do last night?"

"Oh, I read for a couple of hours."

"I thought you were going to the movies."

"I did go. Ninety per cent. of the feature consisted of sub-titles."

### Requisite

*Director*—But, my dear young lady, you cannot do comedy!

*Actress*—Why not?

*Director*—You cannot run fast enough.



### AFTER THE PARADE

"Well, I cheered with the rest, but I didn't see a thing."

"What's the odds! We'll see it all to-morrow at the movies.—L'illustration, Paris.

### Competition

What's the use of traveling? Should you boast, why, you Hear some chap say: "I saw it In the movies, too."

### So To Speak

It was a deathbed scene, but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting

"Come on!" he cried "Put more life in your dying!"

### In Wrong

"Why did that movie director quit the business?"

"His wife saw sea-nymph stories he filmed."



# "Rip and Stitch," a Tailor-Maid Comedy



1. The dogs and the baby do a house-keeping stunt which is merely a preliminary.



2. There is a superfluity of wives and husbands while the tailor measures Myrtle.

## Among Those Present

Dogs, cats, adults and a baby appear in this comedy. Measuring her for a suit, a tailor falls in love with Myrtle, another man's wife, and would elope with her. Myrtle shows the note he sends her to her husband, and they set a trap for the ardent tailor. Myrtle's husband demands \$500 hush money, which the tailor hasn't got, so he fakes a story about his baby being kidnaped by the Black Hand and hopes his wife will put up the coin. There is a "chase picture," involving the baby and the agitated tailor, and a home-coming in which wives and husbands have a way of appearing, much to the tailor's dismay. There is more "rip" than "stitch" to this Sennett comedy.



3. Dogs are nuisances when the owner of the trousers is waiting trouserless for them to be pressed.



4. The fact that the trousers belong to the husband of one's lady love doesn't help matters, either.



5. Like many another susceptible male, the tailor jollies himself into believing that a woman cares for him. Moral: Don't write.



6. When the tailor worked so heroically to elope, it was a shame to disappoint him, but unfortunately Myrtle loved her husband.



# "The Prodigal Liar" Merits the Title



1. Hope dreams "romantic" dreams of her Western bad man.



2. Monte learns from Rainey of the role he is to play.



3. Jim explains to Hope that a blow on the head will cure aphasia.

## Putting It Briefly

Monte Edwards (William Desmond) agrees to pose as a Western desperado in order to supply "romantic" atmosphere for the niece of his ranch pal, Jim Rainey. He poses as a bad man, is called upon to lie hard and often, and tells the girl, Hope Deering, he has "aphasia," which is the reason for his lawless actions. Being told that a blow on the head will cure his affliction, the guileless maid wallops him on the head with a hefty rock, almost braining him, because she loves him so. Monte comes to after a while, however, and saves the girl from a real bad man who has kidnapped her. There is a thrilling chase, then all goes well and lovingly.



4. Hope decides to "cure" the unsuspecting Monte. Bandit in back.



5. Monte takes the count, and the bandit takes the girl.



6. Hope retaken by Monte and posse, after a chase and a stratagem.



## Children of the Studios

(Continued from page 9)

The casting director looked around for a moment. Then he pronounced the sentence.

"Is Mrs. Hackensack here to-day?" asked the casting director.

"Yes, sir," answered a buxom female.

"Is Cleopatra with you?" asked the casting director.

"Yes, sir," answered the buxom female.

"Well, bring her into my office. Nothing for anybody else. Come again Wednesday."

Mrs. Hackensack and her little daughter pushed their way into the inner office, and the rest of us pushed our way into the street. Mrs. Hackensack wore a triumphant smirk. The rest of us wore disgusted frowns.

"Kids! Kids! Kids!" snapped an old man. "The directors don't want people who can act. They don't want people with stage experience. They only want brats who can look 'cute' and 'cunning.' It makes me sick!"

"If this sort of thing keeps up, I'll have to get another job!" snarled another old man. "I've only had one day's work in a week. I used to work every day, as a doctor, a lawyer, a banker or a burglar. But kids are the fashion, gosh blame 'em!"

On the sidewalk I passed the two mothers and the two children.

"That Hackensack woman is a nasty, common creature, with her rhinestone combs and her soiled gloves!" said Mrs. Le Roy.

"Did you notice how her waist was ripped in the seams and how her skirt sagged in the back? I'd be ashamed to appear in public so sloppy and slouchy!" said Mrs. St. Clair.

"As for that youngster of hers—Cleopatra! The name used to be Bridget, and the face is Bridget still! Did you ever see such a turned-up nose on a child? It is positively pathetic!"

"And so up stage and conceited! She won't even speak to Angeline! The other day, at the Scandalous, Angeline smiled real pleasant and said 'Hullo!' real ladylike, and Cleopatra said, 'Go away and mind your own business! You are only an extra child, but I play leading parts!' I could have slapped her ugly little face for her!"

"How could the child have manners when the mother hasn't any herself?"

If I do say it as shouldn't, my child is always polite and refined."

"So is mine. I never have to scold or correct her. She is always perfectly—Why, children, what are you quarreling about?"

"Boo-hoo! Gwendolen pinched me! She called me a liar!"

"Boo-hoo! Angeline kicked me! She called me a devil!"

Having heard enough, I beat a hasty retreat.

## Why Can't I Be a Hero?

(Continued from page 22)

incapacity for strong drink. I remember one night in Mexico when I was particularly troubled about things. I had killed a banker, and things looked very bad for me. The next morning I must explain to his widowed mother. Just before the Crossbones Bar closed for the night, I bought a gallon and a half of their most potent whiskey and asked permission of the bartender to stand at the bar and drink all night, so that dawn would find me there at the bar with bowed head and an empty whiskey bottle at my finger tips—repentant, clear-headed, in fine fettle to meet the banker's mother and make an explanation. But the clock struck twelve-thirty, one, one-thirty—and that is the last I remember. I fell sound asleep and slept right through my appointment with the banker's mother and never did see her. And that's the way my life is. It's a darn dull life. I don't see why I can't be a hero. If I could just be wounded—just once—and never know it for a couple of weeks, and then have somebody else call my attention to the fact, preferably a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful girl, who, appreciating my nonchalance, would silhouette me to her bosom in the moonlight or ride with me on horseback across the desert out of sight of the eye!

## Stumped

*Location Man*—I'll produce any location you desire.

*Director*—All right. Reserve the golden street in heaven for next Wednesday.

## Mean

*Friend*—Animal pictures seem to have gone out of style. Has your company got any wild animals?

*Actress*—Only the directors.

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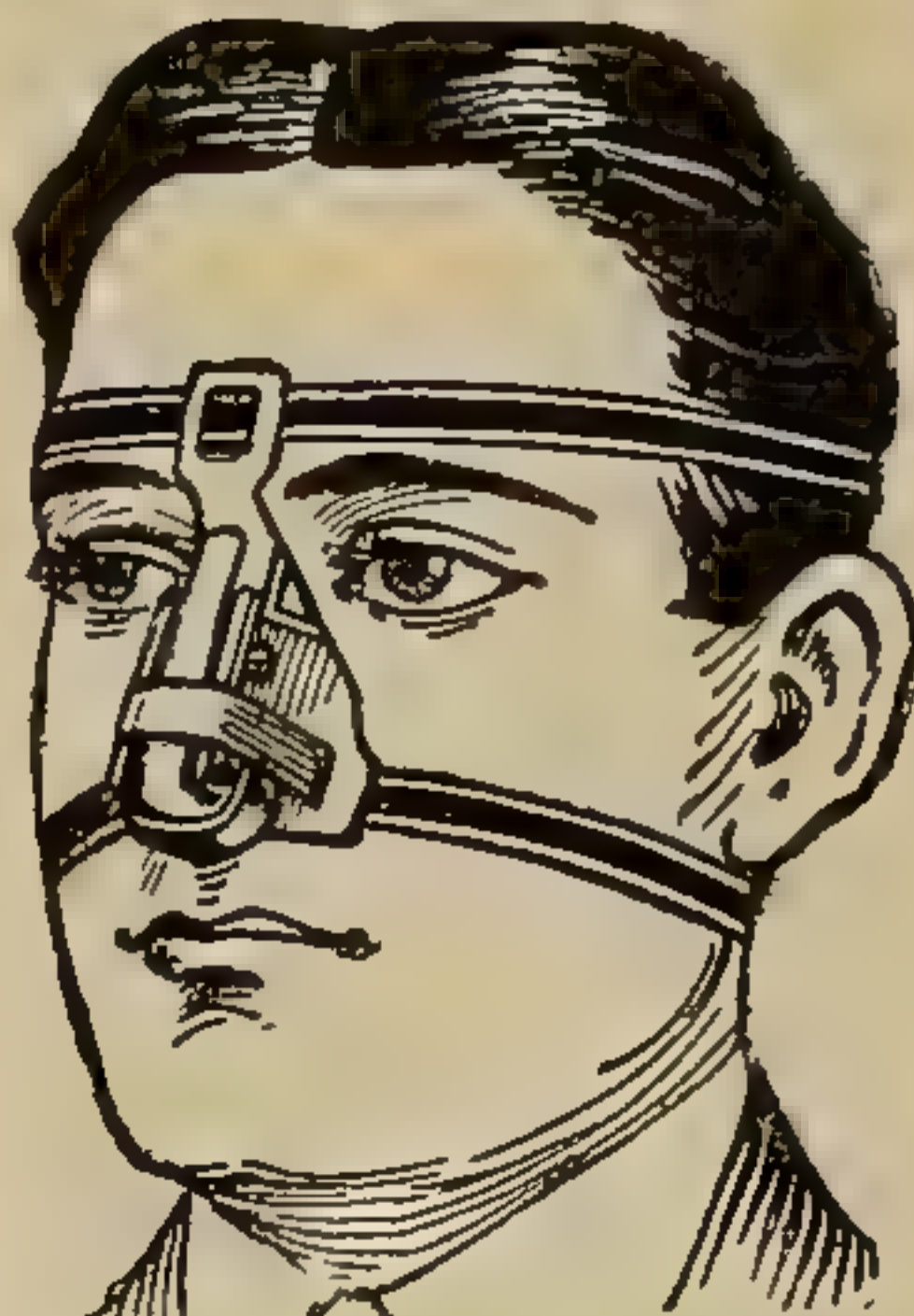
## YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



BEFORE



AFTER

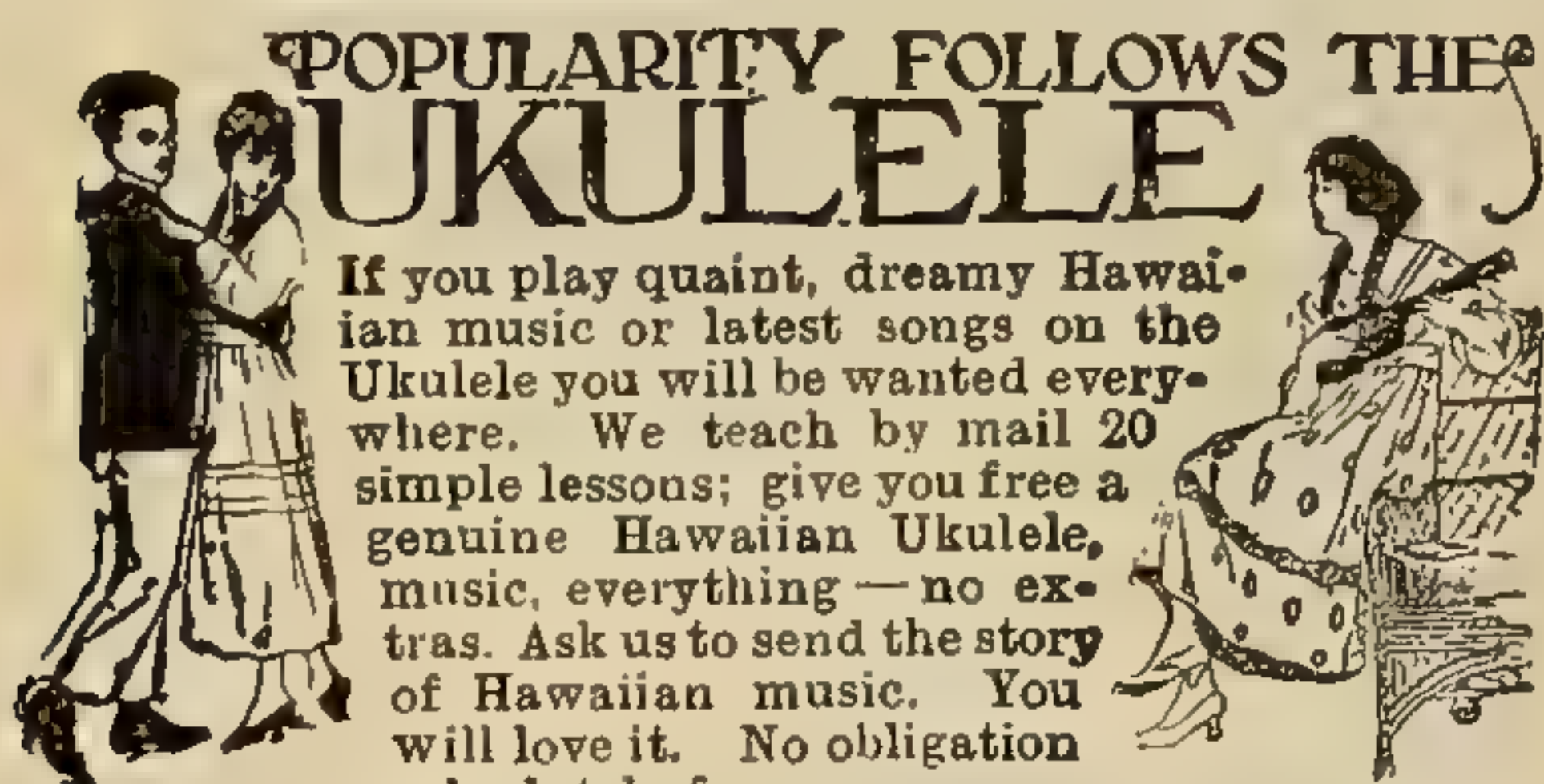


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## Whim-Whams and Wheezes

(Continued from page 19)

"MARY MILES MINTER, in 'The Eyes of Julia Deep,' displays her ability in role of humble department-store clerk." The fellow who wrote that ad. evidently has done little shopping. "Haughty" is the word, old chap—not "humble"!

*Life, to Ruth Stonehouse, is more than a span—'tis a spread. She was born in the North, educated in the South, brought up in the West and married in the East. Considerable scatter!*

### IS MRS. ARBUCKLE IN THE HOUSE?

Your hubby's so round you can bound him, He'd make lots of hash if they ground him!

But, Minta Durfee,

Will you whisper to me—

WAS Roscoe that fat when you found him?

*"A play to cause the heart to beat and the pulse to move." That ad. sounds kinda interesting, until you think it over. Then you realize that drinking a glass of water will have the same curious effect upon your system.*

BESSIE BARRISCALE says that Mr. Husband-Director-Howard Hickman never shows symptoms of jealousy during the filming of her love scenes.

Thassall right, Bessie; even if Howard doesn't, about a million of us fellows DO!

*Well, let's see: We've had "The Haunted House" and "The Enchanted Barn"; maybe next we'll have "The Occult Hencoop." And then "The Hired Man" would quit.*

## Humbled

"Does your new heavy act very independent?" inquired the studio manager.

"Not at all," answered the director. "He started a company of his own a short time ago and produced one picture himself."

## The Educational Film

I love to hear her talking to  
The fellow she calls "Jim,"  
About the troop of "calvary"  
That trots across the "flim."  
She loves to see their "hostlers"  
("Holsters," I guess she means),  
And wonders if their "hemlets"  
Feel heavy on their "beans."

## The Army and Navy Forever



Here's a picture, humorous as it seems, there appears to be an aspect of true American patriotism to it, and at this particular time of affairs it is making a tremendous hit.

Printed in three colors and mounted on heavy double mats it makes an ideal wall decoration, being all ready for framing.

Why not get a copy for your home, den, or club-room? Or, if you are considering fixing up that bungalow or cottage for the summer why not brighten up the walls with one of these art prints?

Send us twenty-five cents, cash or stamps, and we will forward a copy, postage prepaid.

## Judge Art Print Department

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City



## Making the Movies Dry

(Continued from page 17)

their dupes. Or maybe they'll hypnotize their victims and get drunk with excitement. Oh, there are lots of things they can do and be as bad as ever. We won't miss the Demon Rum—not a-tall!"

Tom Mix pooh-poohed the idea that Western pictures couldn't be made without the aid of Tom and Jerry, John Barleycorn and the rest of the Souse Familee.

"Say, that's a hobby of mine. Don't get me started," he warned. "I preach to the boys so much about the effects of liquor that ever so often they put a placard on my dressing-room door that says, 'Rev. Thomas Mix, Temperance Lecturer and Evangelist.' I won't have a man in my company who drinks, and very few of my pictures have barroom scenes in them. The new condition of things will mean that there will be more realism in Western pictures, for, as a matter of fact, cow-punchers didn't hit the booze to any great extent. Their very lives depended on their having clear heads, and as for the bad men—say, I never saw one of those fellows even intoxicated! Of course, the miners had a great thirst; but even a mining story doesn't have to revolve around booze, and take it from me, the dirtiest schemes I ever saw hatched had no drink back of them at all, just a wild desire for land, money, revenge or a woman. Scenario writers will do well to cut out that dance-hall stuff from Western pictures. I never saw a dance hall where they had the short skirted girls farther south than Nevada. They had them, of course, in Alaska and the Yukon, but not in the Southwest, so maybe this change will make for a little much needed realism in pictures."

I found Dustin Farnum out on the lot, and he obligingly posed by a long since-shot thirst emporium, the "Red Dog" saloon, with two empty bottles in his hands—the said bottles having been dug out of the paint shop, the rest of the studio being barren of liquid refreshments.

"This old shack is historic," he said, grinning. "It's the last barroom set that I expect to use for some time—in fact, until the dry amendment is amended or we put on a picture of the ancient vintage of 1918, before saloons were changed into soda-water fountains and hot-dog foundries. If people want

Demon Rum to get out of the country, I reckon he'd better hoof it from the pictures, too. The new generation growing up will come to look on drinking not as something common or to be countenanced, but as a drug that produces a certain effect and which should be shunned. That is bound to change the type of pictures put on, and it will spur writers to produce a substitute—Lord only knows what it will be! But as far as my experience goes, drink isn't essential to a Western picture. The one I just finished didn't have a drink in it from reel one to five, and there were some thrilling plots and fights in it, too. I've found that the meanest man isn't the drunk man; it's the man that's corrupt or just plain vicious. Fights can start from other things besides whiskey, and bad men can put together just as dastardly a plot over a ham sandwich as they can over a bottle of gin!"

I went to the Demon Rum and told him that there was no hope, not even in Western pictures.

"They can get along without you," I said, "and only a few seem to regret your going."

He sobbed damply and handed me a slip of paper.

"If the films find they can't get along without me," he gurgled, "they can send for me at that address. I'll be there indefinitely."

The slip bore, in large and scraggly letters:

"D. Rum. Temporary address, NOWHERE!"

## Mechanical April Showers

(Continued from page 14)

fect of the storm, but the results of sloshing around in a muddy country road which the director himself had made that way because there hadn't been a rain recently.

I remember another picture—"The Beloved Traitor," I think it was—which demanded the rescue of the heroine, Mae Marsh, from the raging seas at the height of a storm off Marblehead, Mass. For four days a "location" man from the studios sat on the rocks at the famous resort, waiting for a storm to blow up. The company, packed and ready, waited at home. But no storm came. So the company journeyed to Marblehead anyway, the scenes with the star in them were photographed in

(Continued on page 32)

## Is Your Blood Starving For Want of Iron?

**Iron is Red-Blood Food — Nuxated Iron Helps Put Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Strength and Energy Into the Veins of Men.**

If you were to go without eating until you become weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. Without plenty of iron in the blood, no matter how much or what you eat, your food simply passes through you without doing you any good—you don't get the strength out of it and instead of being filled with youthful strength and energy you are weak, nervous and all run-down. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can walk or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. But don't take the old kinds of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like Nuxated Iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. You can procure Nuxated Iron from your druggist on an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or your money will be refunded.

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Lashneen Co., Dept. 25-S, Philadelphia, Pa.



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famous screen star,  
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# You Cannot Go Back

**D**O YOU remember when the American First Army met the war-worn French in desperate retreat at Chateau-Thierry and the French Commander besought them to go back?

The American Commander's laconic reply was "Go back—hell! We just got here and my orders are to go forward."

Has somebody said to you "The war is over. Now you can go back to your old life?"

Don't believe it. There is no going back. The old order has changed. What you learned from the war, what you did and thought and sacrificed for the war and during the war, has become now your everyday life. You cannot help it.

When the Armistice was signed was that the end? Was that our goal? Was that what we had fought and saved and worked and suffered for—just to make Germany stop fighting, just to get an Armistice signed?

"Go back now! We only just got here! The orders are to go forward."

What you did and gave during the war was only the beginning of what you will do and give from now on.

The Fifth—The Victory Liberty Loan will soon be here. Don't think you will ignore it. You will not. Don't think you have lost your interest in it. You have not. Your honor—the honor of your country is bound up in it.

Men of vision—you cannot go back to the old unheeding way. You are called to take your stand with a regenerated world. So much of sacrifice and pain and suffering do not belong alone to the yesterday of war that is past. They are the foundation upon which the reborn world is building its future—its hope of happiness, its guarantee of prosperity and peace.

Bonds of the Victory Liberty Loan represent America's share—and *your* share—in that future.

**Government Loan Organization  
Second Federal Reserve District  
Liberty Loan Committee  
120 Broadway, New York**

## Mechanical April Showers

*Continued from page 31*

a calm sea, some "storm stuff" was purchased from a company dealing in scenic films, and the rescue was performed in the studio tank. Not a critic failed to remark on the mighty beauty of the storm scenes and the thrilling vividness of the rescue. Director and film editor—the man who patched the pieces to make the thing look real—shared the credit for that.

I was away from California when the accompanying pictures of Tom Moore and his leading lady, Seena Owen, were made for "A Man and His Money." But my guess is that the unmistakably wet result was achieved with a shower-bath ring above the heads of the players and a row of perforated pipes set in the top of the open porch.

## Movie Beards

*(Continued from page 20)*

good" whisker simply will not go. A piece of blond horsehair, with the help of gum, footlights, grease paint and powder, may get away with a fair imitation of a German admiral's beard, fooling the people in the Family Circle. But in the movies there is no Family Circle. Everyone is sitting in AA and using opera glasses, and an attempt on Jo Ryan's part to pull any villain stuff with a spirit-gum make-up would result, under the camera's eye, in an effect similar to that of a nervous man eating Julianne potatoes.

So, then, as far as the movies are concerned, the false beard may go back to the sofa from whence it sprung, unwept, unhonored and unstrung.

## Vicious

"What is a super-feature?"

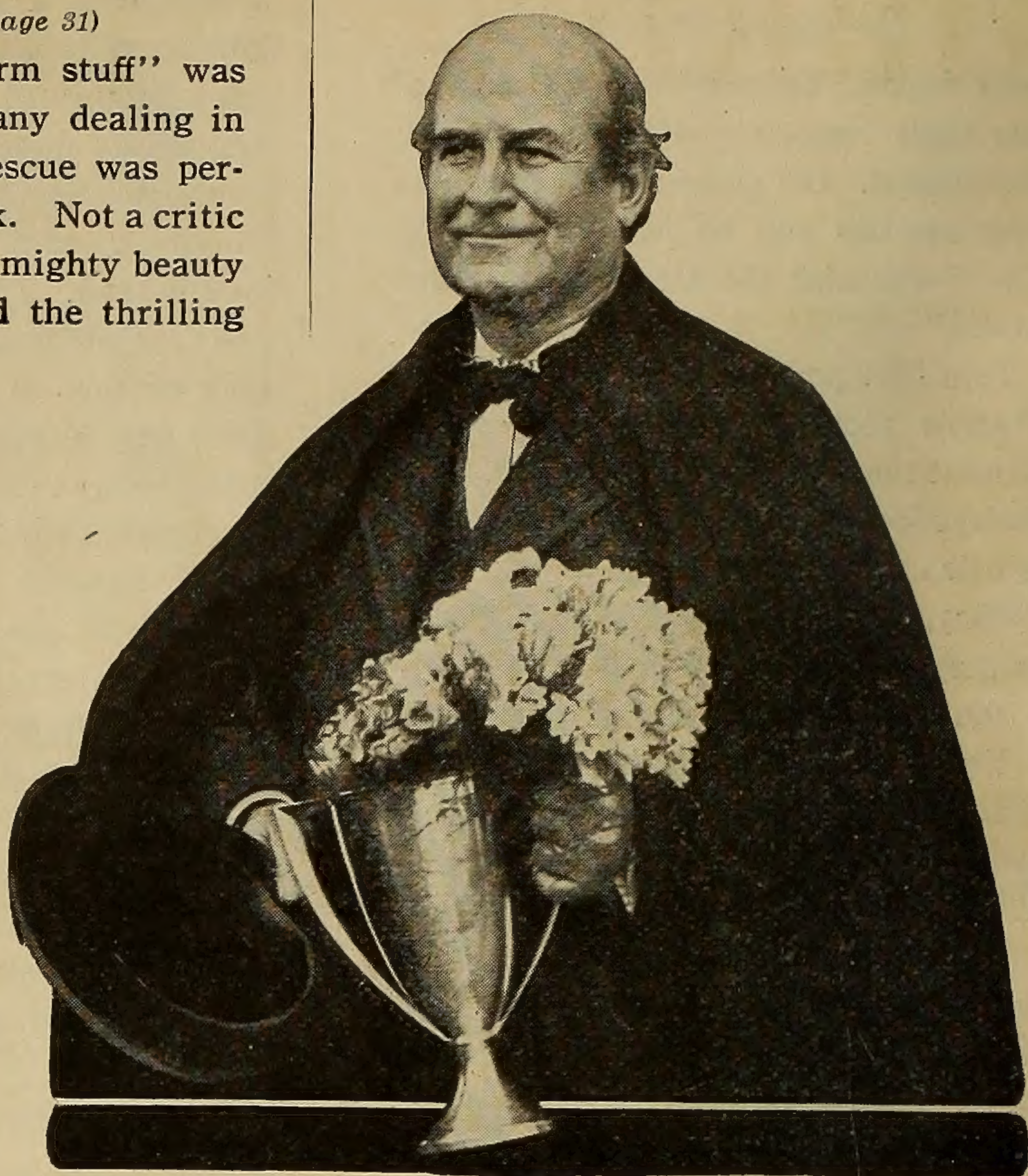
"Generally you'll find that the star of one should have been one of the supers in it."

## Coming to It

*Manager*—What's the matter with the star to-night?

*Movie Director*—She insists on appearing alone in the whole five reels.

## Making Men Virtuous by Law



INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

This picture of William Jennings Bryan was taken upon the recent occasion when a committee of temperance union officials presented the great commoner with this loving cup in recognition of his able aid in securing adoption of the prohibition amendment. He doesn't look as if he ever thought of "pressing down upon the brow of Labor this new crown of thorns," does he? Nevertheless, the "No Beer, No Bonds" slogan promulgated by unions indicates how a good many folks feel about the measure. The presentation ceremony was filmed and shown as part of a news reel exhibited throughout the country. New York audiences, which included at the time a large number of soldiers and sailors, greeted this feature with groans, hisses, catcalls and laughter.

## Tragic

"Prohibition will hurt the motion picture business."

"In what way?"

"It will knock out about one-half the scenario writers' stock plots."

## The Why of It

"Why aren't any more war movies produced?"

"With so many actors back from France, a director would feel silly showing them how to act as soldiers."



# Making a Dollar Go Some

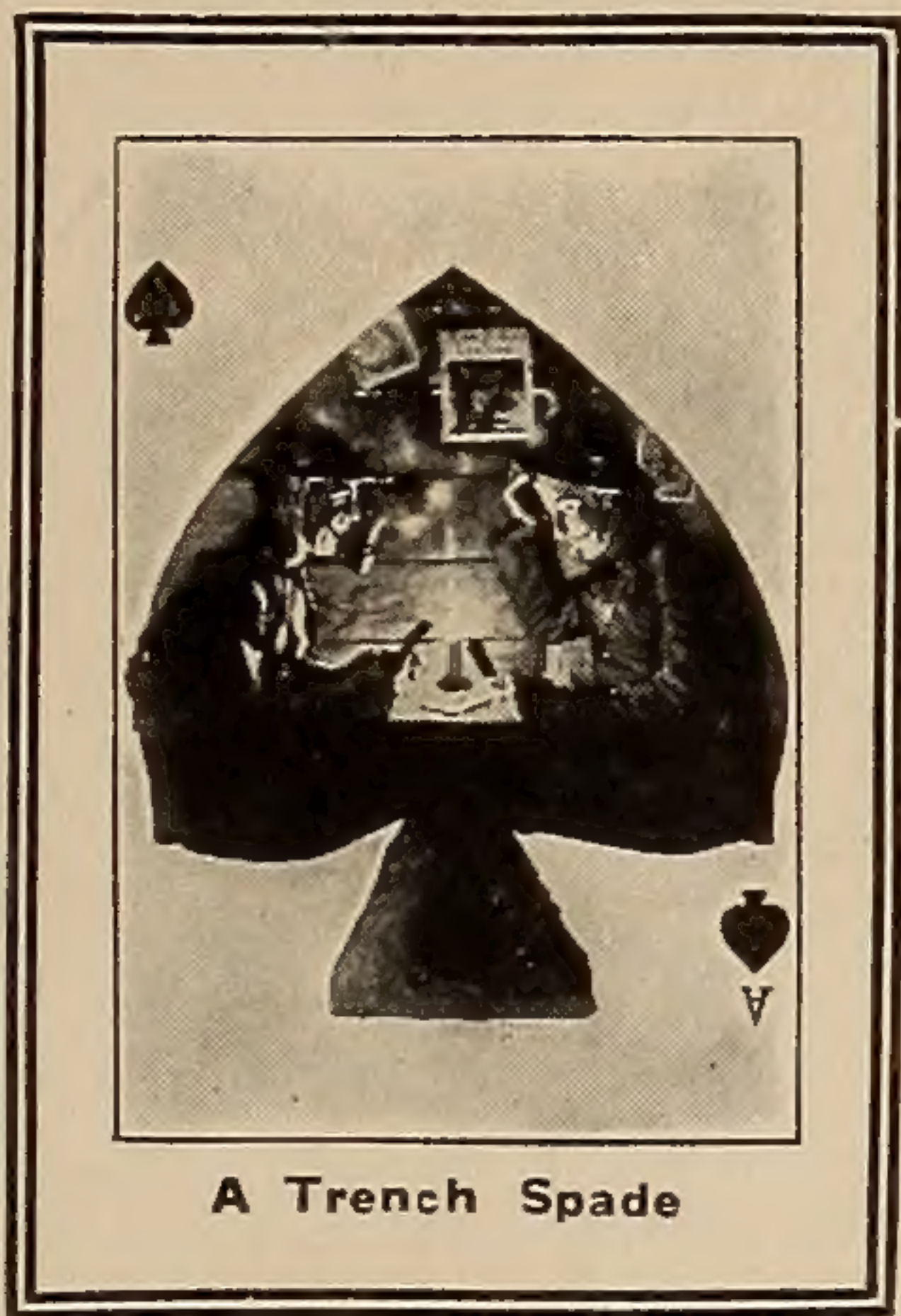
EVERYBODY admires an attractive picture. And here's an opportunity to get five attractive pictures for an exceptionally low price. Judge readers all know what fine works of art adorned the front covers of "The Happy Medium" during the past year, and so do many others.

The five pictures here illustrated are all full color reproductions, are mounted on heavy mats, size 11 x 14 inches, ready for framing, and make excellent wall decorations for the home, den, club-room, bungalow or camp.

Why not surprise the home-coming soldier by decorating his room with some of these appropriate pictures!



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The Man in the Moon



Petticoats and Pants



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How often have you wished that you knew how to  
play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite in-  
strument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly  
spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or  
"No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings, some one is  
sooner or later sure to suggest music. When  
the others gather around for the fun, the  
one who can take no part feels hopelessly  
out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and  
looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at  
home, when minutes seem like hours—how  
quickly the time would pass if you could  
spend it at the piano or organ—or in mak-  
ing a violin "talk," or in enjoying some  
other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and sat-  
isfaction that you have so often wished for  
can easily be added to your daily life.

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No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson  
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ties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

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equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is  
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I call my method "new"—simply be-  
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reason you are not  
satisfied with the  
course or with what  
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faction. On the  
other hand, if you  
are pleased with the  
course, the total  
cost amounts to only  
a few cents a les-  
son, with your

music and everything also included.

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enjoyment of music to mere listen-  
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about my methods? I know you will  
find this book absorbingly interesting,  
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